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NOVEMBER

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1937



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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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AMERICAN GIRLS IN ART SERIES—NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW AND HIS DAUGHTER EDITH
(made famous as "Edith with golden hair" in her father's poem, "The Children's Hour")

Painted by G. P. A. Healey

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

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ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

NOVEMBER • 1937

The Cinderella story of how a Bronx schoolboy, Tommy Kelly, won the coveted rôle of "Tom Sawyer" in the motion picture to be made from Mark Twain's celebrated book



TOM SAWYER

COMES TO THE SCREEN

By

LATROBE CARROLL



MORE than a year ago David Selznick, the movie producer, started a man hunt—or, to be more exact, a boy hunt. He wanted to film *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, but lacked a

lad to play the title rôle. No wonder he wished to put Mark Twain's masterpiece on the screen. For the sort of book it is, *Tom Sawyer* has everything: humor, adventure, adroit twists of plot, a shrewd understanding of boy nature. What a movie it would make—so Mr. Selznick's thoughts ran—given the right boy to play the part of Tom!

He was sure he could get more natural acting if he picked an unknown boy right out of life, rather than a celebrity from the list of boy actors. So he decided to use talent scouts in the hunt. A talent scout is like a miner who pans for gold. Such a miner may have to wash through a staggering amount of soil before he finds a single grain of shining metal. A movie scout may have to interview thousands of prospects before he chances on a promising one.

But Mr. Selznick was hopeful. It was he who had found Freddie Bartholomew, once "a needle in a haystack." Perhaps he could turn the trick again. He dictated an order, signed it—and film scouts began their sleuthing in cities, towns, country districts. They visited boys' clubs, watched plays given by children, went to schools and looked the boys over. To help them, Selznick International Pictures arranged, in many large cities, for "Tom Sawyer Contests" in which youngsters vied with one another in reciting lines from the book. These contests brought out thousands of boys.

The more promising youngsters were given screen tests. This meant that each of them learned by heart some lines from *Tom Sawyer* and got them off before a movie camera and a sound recorder. In the resulting film footage every point, good and bad, in a boy's diction, looks, mannerisms, stood out. These film records were rushed by airplane to

Culver City, California. There they were run off before Mr. Selznick's interested eyes. None of the candidates quite satisfied him.

One prediction was freely made: the right boy, if he could be found, would come from a farm, a village, or a small town. Those who took this view pointed out that Mark Twain's Tom was a village lad. They argued that no big-city boy would have the ghost of a chance of winning the part.

At the end of nine months a crowd of boys that would have gone far toward filling the Harvard stadium, or the Yale bowl, had been looked over. Many had been found who were exceptionally handsome, brainy, gifted. But none had turned up who had just the right combination of unusual intelligence with the quality that movie people speak of, rather inadequately, as "personality"—that blending of a look on a face with tricks of manner that stamps an actor on one's mind.

Mr. Selznick wouldn't give up. But the search threatened to be endless.

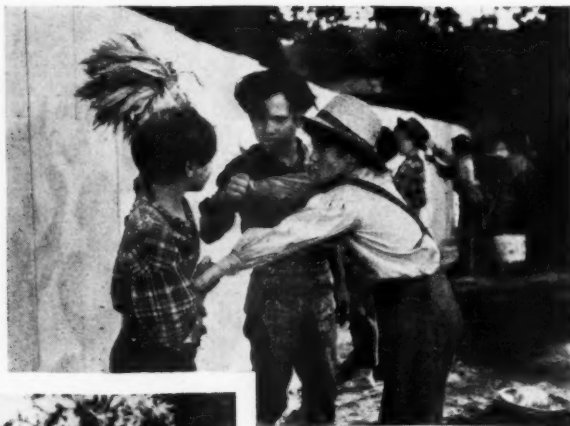
One day an airplane was soaring westward with several hundred feet of film—the result of still another screen test—under its wings. It alighted near Culver City. Soon Mr. Selznick was facing a screen in a darkened projection room. He was always eager to look and to listen but, judging from the past, it seemed almost certain that his answer would be "No."

The screen lighted up. A boy was speaking lines from *Tom Sawyer*: from the scene in which Tom and Huckleberry Finn argue about their pet ways of getting rid of warts. Tom's favorite method is to dip his hand into "spunk-water," the rain water that collects in rotten stumps. He gives clear directions: "You got to go all by yourself to the middle of the woods where you know there's a spunk-water stump, and just as it's midnight you back up against the stump and jam your hand in and say,

'Barley-corn, barley-corn, injun-meal shorts,
'Spunk-water, spunk-water, swaller these warts,'



WHAT A LOT OF FENCE TO WHITE-WASH! TOM SAWYER AND LITTLE JIM (PLAYED BY PHILIP HURLIC) CONSIDER WAYS OF GETTING IT DONE



A SLIGHT ARGUMENT ARISES OVER WHO SHALL WIELD A PAINT BRUSH NEXT AFTER TOM HAS DISCOVERED THE PROFIT IN FENCE-PAINTING

and then walk away quick, eleven steps, with your eyes shut, and then turn around three times and walk home without speaking to anybody. Because if you speak, the charm's busted. I've took off thousands of warts off of my hands that way, Huck."

Nothing "terrific" in that quiet scene. Nothing that a boy, taking a test, could be violently dramatic about. But after the brightness on the screen had faded and the young voice had died away, Mr. Selznick was still sitting bolt upright in his chair. He was vastly excited—and no wonder. He knew his long search was over. There was the boy for the part!

It was hard to analyze just why this boy was so *right*. His alert face had kept changing as he spoke—had been alive, handsome in a manly way. His voice was good: neither nasal nor harsh. But, above all, he had that spark of personality that Mr. Selznick had been looking for. Audiences would like him, he would symbolize boyhood to them, would stay in their minds.

What was his name? Was he entirely lacking in acting experience? Where did he live?

His name, it appeared, was Tommy Kelly. A good name—another Tom!—a name that wouldn't have to be changed for the screen. His experience? None, except that he'd played end man in a school minstrel show and that he'd taken the rôle of the boatswain in a school production of *Pinafore*. His home? In New York City. And right there—a puzzle. A youngster from the nation's biggest city who fitted perfectly into a part that seemed made for a boy from a farm, village, or small town! It raised an interesting question.

For the answer, let's take a trip to the East Bronx for that's where young Kelly hails from. We get on a train in mid-Manhattan, roar along underground for half an hour. Then the tracks climb up out of the ground; the subway's now an elevated. We're in a region where buildings are



WITH HOMEMADE POLE OVER HIS SHOULDER AND A GRIN OF PURE JOY ON HIS FACE, TOM PLAYS HOOKEY, MINUS SHOES, TO FISH IN THE RIVER

parked at curbs. We skirt a vacant sand lot; some boys are playing baseball there. As the game ends and the youngsters start home we ask some of them a question, "Did you boys know Tommy Kelly?"

At once they're interested. All are aware of the magic thing that's happened to a young neighbor.

"Yup," one of them answers us with an embarrassed wriggle. "Good guy, Tommy. You know—regular."

scattered, no longer stand shoulder to shoulder. We get off the train, walk a few blocks to St. Raymond Avenue, the street where the Kelly home is. We won't find Tommy, his parents, or his little sister there; they're in Culver City. But Tommy's older brothers still live in the East Bronx.

Are we still in New York? Yes, but it's hard to believe. There's not one tall structure in view. Trees arch their branches above us. Before us stretch narrow streets of asphalt with several children roller skating on them. An occasional car passes slowly; a few other cars are



Another giggles, "Hear it's him an' Robert Taylor, now. Anyway—hope he comes back."

We walk along St. Raymond Avenue, stop at a certain number, push a button. Presently we're in the Kelly flat, on the second floor of a small and very simple apartment house. Tommy's three brothers have welcomed us: John, who's seventeen, Raymond, nineteen, and Vincent, twenty-two.

The brothers talk. The Kellys, it seems, like "places where people can breathe and kids can be kids."

"Just take Tommy, now," Raymond says, warm pride in his voice. "When he wasn't in school he was off with a bunch of boys his own age, playing football, baseball, tearing along the streets on skates, swimming in the big pool where I have regular work. It's terrible for kids in midtown. But here it's nice. Feel that breeze coming in at the window? It's straight from Long Island Sound. Of course, Tommy's a New Yorker. But take the East Bronx this far out, and it's hardly New York at all. People around here sometimes call our section 'the village.'"

Friendly young men, these brothers of Tommy's. You get the impression that, though they're living in the East Bronx and fond of their home, their minds and hearts have turned westward. They read, re-read, pore over every letter the

family writes them. "Mr. Selznick . . ." they say, a little awed. "Tommy's movie contract . . . Gee—it's like a dream!"

You leave the Kelly brothers in the Bronx. They and their "village" have answered your question.

Let's follow the other Kellys, the ones who trekked to Culver City. There are four of them: the father, Michael, the mother, Nora, five-year-old June Marie, and Tommy. No matter how big Tommy's fame may grow, you feel this Irish family will never "go Hollywood." They're all too real. You sense, in the parents, in these two children, the same warm friendliness that is in the older



brothers, a friendliness struggling through shyness.

Tommy is introduced to you. His face is freckled; his hair is red and it won't lie down. From the instant he puts out his hand, looks straight into your eyes, smiles, and says "Hullo," you feel he's some one you'd like to know.

The Tom Sawyer of Mark Twain's book was drawn from life. Twain—whose real name was Samuel Langhorne Clemens—looked back at himself as a boy and put the boy into his book. Tom was himself almost entirely, according to Albert Bigelow Paine's brilliant biography, with traces of two schoolmates, John Briggs and Will Bowen.

And here's an interesting thing: in many ways, Tommy Kelly resembles the boy Mark Twain once was, the lad, dreamy and impetuous by turns, who lived in the village of Hannibal, Missouri—the settlement Twain remembered as "the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer morning—the great Mississippi, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along—the dense forest away on the other side."

Here are some similarities between Tommy Kelly and the boy who used to be known as Sammy, or little Sam: keen blue eyes (Sammy had them, Tommy has them); a fair complexion; a friend-making smile; a gentle, winning manner, turning at times to shyness; leadership in games and larks; a quiet way of speaking; a liking for spelling above all other subjects in school; an abounding sense of humor.

You feel that if that ghostly, far-away little boy, Sammy, could cross the years and the miles and come to Culver City, he and Tommy would be firm friends and have glorious, Cain-raising times together.

(Continued on page 49)



ABOVE: WHAT WOULD AUNT POLLY SAY IF SHE COULD SEE TOM SITTING STRETCHED AT EASE IN HER BEST PARLOR CHAIR!

TOP RIGHT: TOMMY KELLY AND PHILIP HURLIC INVESTIGATE THE MYSTERIES OF THE SOUND APPARATUS BEING USED IN THE RECORDED OF "THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER"

AT LEFT: HUCKLEBERRY FINN (PLAYED BY JACKIE MORAN) WAYLAYS TOM SAWYER ON HIS WAY TO SCHOOL AND OFFERS A PERSUASIVE ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF SWIMMING IN THE NEAR-BY MISSISSIPPI



BYNG TO THE RESCUE

SIR, Corporal Howell, Military Police Company, reports to the Provost Marshal."

Captain Rae looked up from his desk.

"Oh, yes, Corporal, I want to see you. Have you been down to the Nisqually River lately?"

"No, sir. I saw it from the bluff at the Signal Corps farm yesterday."

"How does she look?"

"Higher than I ever saw it, sir. It's way over the banks and running like a mill race."

"That's not surprising with rain every day for the last five weeks. Then you haven't been down to that wooden bridge the engineers threw over the river last summer on maneuvers?"

"No, sir, that's not on my patrol."

"I know, but I wish you'd look at it to-day and tell me its condition. Major Watson says it was well foundationed and five feet over high water mark, but this is almost a flood. A lot of civilians have been using it as a short cut onto the reservation, and I want to be sure it's safe."

"Very good, sir, I'll inspect it this morning."

"All right, thank you. That's all."

"What a sweet detail!" Howell muttered a minute later as

A river in flood, a life in danger! Corporal Howell's liver-and-white spaniel, Byng, meets the challenge with bravery

A new story by

CAPTAIN S. P. MEEK

he donned hip boots, raincoat, and sou'wester. "I need a row-boat instead of a motorcycle to cross the range in this weather. Come on, Byng, you might just as well get wet, too."

A big liver-and-white springer spaniel who had been sitting at the corporal's feet, looking up with wistfully pleading eyes, bounded eagerly to his feet at the words and raced for the door. Howell grimaced at the pouring rain, then splashed out toward the motor shed where his machine was stored.

He had cause for his disgust. The winter rains had begun in western Washington in real earnest and for over two weeks there had been almost no let-up of the steady downpour. Half of the thirty-thousand-acre artillery range, which it was Howell's duty to patrol daily in the interests of game conservation, was under water. Only the fact that the reservation roads were well ballasted enabled him to make his rounds.

Byng sprang into the side car of the motorcycle and crouched down until only his head was over the side. Howell threw a tarpaulin over the dog, then mounted his machine.

He drove out through the M. P. gate and onto the range. As the concrete ended, the motorcycle threw up sheets of spray from the six inches of water covering the road. Byng gave his master a reproachful look and drew his head back under the waterproof. Howell grinned, crouched closer behind his wind-shield, and drove ahead.

At Nisqually Lake he turned to the right toward Artillery Position Twenty where the only road practical for cars ran down the high bluff skirting the river. It was on this road that the engineers had erected the bridge he was to inspect.

At the top of the bluff he stopped his machine and studied the road. It ran down steeply and, while a car could take it readily in low gear, it looked rough for a motorcycle.

"I'd probably have to push the chug-chug up from the river," he decided, "and that's not my idea of fun. I'll walk. Come on, Byng, you old lazy bones. Don't be so afraid of getting your nose wet."

At his words the springer thrust his head out from under the cover, then sprang down ready to follow. With the dog at his heels, Howell walked down the road, the roar of the flooded Nisqually sounding louder as he neared the stream. An examination of the road told him that no cars had used it that morning although it was deeply rutted from previous use.

At the bridge he paused and whistled in amazement. He had seen the river from the top of the bluff, but he had not realized the volume of water pouring down the channel. The usual banks had disappeared beneath the swirling flood whipped to



BYNG GUARDED THE BRUSH PILE, HIS EYES ALERT



HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES CARRIED HIM OUT OVER THE RAGING TORRENT IN A MIGHTY SPRING

a creamy appearance by the force of its rush. The floor of the bridge was still a foot above the water, but the end piers, originally set twenty yards back from the banks, were now ten feet inside the rushing water.

"It doesn't look any too safe, Byng," he said doubtfully. "The engineers did a good job to put up a bridge that's lasted this long. Come on, we'll go over and look at the other side."

He stepped gingerly onto the bridge, Byng at his heels. The springer looked longingly at the water, then drew back. He was a water dog and a powerful swimmer, but even he did not care to face that current.

Howell stamped on the bridge and tried to shake it, but without result. His weight was as nothing compared to the pressure the raging river had been hurling against the structure for days. He looked down thoughtfully at the end pier where it entered the water.

"If I could only see the bottom of these supports, Byng," he said, "I could tell how much they are washed out. What do you think about it?"

The springer looked inquiringly at him.

"Your guess is as good as mine, Byng," Howell went on. "I'm hanged if I know what to say."

AS HE spoke there was a crash and thud. The bridge swayed sickeningly for an instant, then slowly steadied. A tree trunk, carried down by the water, had hit the structure a violent blow.

"A few more wallops and this bridge is done for," Howell exclaimed. "I don't believe it's safe to drive a car over. I'm going to block the road."

He walked along slowly, seeking a fallen log which he could drag across the road to block it, but he could find nothing suited to his purpose. There was plenty of down timber, but it was too heavy for one man to move. After a half mile of fruitless searching he turned back to the bridge.

"I'll have to use a brush pile," he said, "until I can get back to the range guard and telephone in for a sawhorse, a red lantern, and a flag. Here, Byng, help me gather brush."

He gathered an armful and carried it to the road. Byng watched him for a moment, then grasped a fallen branch in his teeth and dragged it to the pile.

"Good dog," Howell said as the springer brought a sec-

Illustrated by
ROBERT L. DICKEY

ond load. "Bring more, we'll need a lot of brush, old boy."

He raised a pile large enough to be seen by an approaching motorist and, as a final touch, took out his handkerchief and bound the bit of olive drab to the top of the pile. He stood back and surveyed it doubtfully.

"Not very prominent," he said, "but I don't know how to make it any more so. Here, Byng, you stay here. On guard, see? Block this road until I come back. Stay here. On guard! Understand?"

The springer looked at him with intelligent eyes, his tail going rapidly. Satisfied that the dog understood, Howell turned back across the bridge and started up the slope toward his motorcycle.

"Stay there, Byng!" he called back to the dog. "I'll be back soon, just as soon as I can telephone for material to block this road properly. Then I'll come back and keep you company. Stay there. On guard, Byng!"

A bark from the spaniel answered him and he trudged on up the bluff, confident that Byng would stay until he returned, even if he were away for a full day.

He had reached his parked motorcycle and was in the saddle, when he heard a sound that made him sit upright and strain his ears. Again the sound came, the unmistakable barking of a dog roused to a high pitch of excitement.

"What in thunder?" he exclaimed.

The barking continued and, mingled with it, came the raucous blast of a motor horn. Howell jumped off his machine and ran to the edge of the bluff. Byng was still barking. Then, muffled by the falling rain and the growling of the angry river, came a rending, crashing sound of planks and timbers giving way. There was a shrill scream, then a splash.

"Some one's in!" Howell cried aloud.



BYNG, EYES GLUED TO THE PATCH OF COLOR IN THE WATER AHEAD OF HIM, SWAM WITH ALL HIS MIGHT TO REACH IT

He started down the bluff toward the river at breakneck speed, skidding and floundering on the steep, slippery road.

WHEN his master left him, Byng stood alert, facing the driving rain for a few minutes; then he curled himself up in a ball before the pile of brush, his nose on his paws, staring up the road. It was evident that he had settled himself for a long vigil.

Five minutes passed, then the dog suddenly raised his head and stared up the road. His keen ears had caught the sound of an approaching motor. In another minute he was on his feet, and when the car appeared around a bend in the road a few yards from the bridge, Byng dashed toward it, barking savagely.

There were two people in the car, the driver and a little girl about six years old. When the driver saw the dog he slowed down for a moment and looked around. He could see no one, so he pressed his accelerator and the car splashed on through the mud toward the bridge.

Again Byng barked sharply and dashed in front of the car. The driver blew a warning blast on his horn and wrenched his wheel to one side. The car swerved and Byng leaped away from the wheels in the nick of time. The driver swung back into the road. His maneuver had circled the pile of brush which Howell had built up as a warning. Byng ran alongside, barking his loudest and biting at the car wheels, but the driver ignored him. In another moment the front wheels were on the bridge. The structure swayed and groaned for a moment, then gave a sickening lurch.

The driver shouted in alarm, wrenching open the car door at the same instant. Before he could do more there was a rending crash and the upstream side of the bridge collapsed into the boiling water. The car swayed for an instant, then slid off into the water. As it struck, a shrill scream rent the air and the child was thrown from the opened door into the swirling current.

The scream ended in a choking gasp as the little girl hit the water. It caught her and whirled her downstream. Her head struck the sunken bridge and for a moment she hung on the structure. Then the current tore her loose and whirled her under the bridge and down the river. She made no at-

tempt to struggle, and indeed struggling would have been useless, for even a strong swimmer could hardly have lived in that savage torrent even if he avoided being hurled against one of the snags that was being carried down by the current.

No such thought entered Byng's head. He had tried to block the road as he had been bidden and he had failed. His mission was at an end, but a new problem confronted him, one that he must solve alone. His powerful muscles carried him far out in a mighty spring, and he struck the water behind the child.

He thrashed aimlessly for an instant as the current whirled him downstream like a twig, then he straightened out and swam after the child. The current still carried him along at a dizzy pace, but the little girl was being swept on with equal speed. He struck out with strong strokes, swimming so hard that half of his broad chest was lifted out of the water. His eyes were glued to the patch of color ahead of him.

Two hundred yards ahead a tree had fallen partly across the stream with its yard-thick trunk half buried in the rushing water. If the child should be carried at full speed against that barrier, the blow would crush her bones and the relentless stream would soon grind her frail body into pulp.

Byng put all of his stout heart into his task. Howell had marveled many times at the strength the dog displayed when swimming after crippled ducks in the rough waters of Puget Sound, but never had he seen Byng put forth such effort as he was exerting now.

Nearer and nearer they came to the tree barrier, but the distance between the dog and the child was lessening. The spaniel seemed almost to fly through the water. His mouth was wide open now, ready to grasp the little girl. The child was under water, but the edge of her dress still floated—almost within reach. Byng gave a lunge and his strong teeth closed on the garment with a snap. Instantly he turned toward shore.

Now he was dragging a weight behind him and was swimming across the current. He was carried swiftly downstream with his burden, but still he gained inch by inch toward the bank. The tree was looming almost over him, but near the bank the current turned into an eddy of slack water. It seemed that the two were doomed, but still Byng fought on. No thought of seeking safety by releasing his grip entered his head. He was retrieving from the water, and it was better, to his canine psychology, to be crushed against a log than to fail in his self-appointed task.

He was swept against the log with a thud and the child was almost torn from his grip. But he held on stubbornly as his head was dragged under the water. Then the force of the eddy current caught his burden, and in a moment both dog and child were in calmer water.

With feeble strokes, for he was near exhaustion, Byng struggled toward the bank. At last his feet struck bottom and in a few moments he was on the bank, tugging at his burden. The cloth ripped and the girl floated away, but Byng lunged forward and got a fresh grip. He braced his broad feet and tugged, and slowly the child's body emerged from the water and he dragged her up onto the bank and safety.

Panting, he released his grip, then anxiously licked the child's cold white face, marred by an ugly bruise over the temple. The girl did not respond to his attentions and Byng raised his voice in a mournful howl, then began barking as vigorously as his tired chest would allow.

CORPORAL Howell half ran and half slid down the bluff skirting the Nisqually. At the bottom he abandoned the road and raced through the timber directly toward the bridge. As he burst through the brush and saw the bridge he paused for an instant in horror. The far half of the structure had collapsed on the upstream side and beyond it the top of a car showed above the (Continued on page 50)

PLUS THE INFANTRY

JULIE had barely stepped across the threshold into the room she shared with Sylvia at the Three Arts Club when the telephone on the wall outside the door shrilled with brisk insistence. She half turned, wondering whether to answer it, or leave it to one of the older resident students, when it shrilled again. Neither the piano across the hall, nor the voice running scales three doors away, paused even momentarily in their practicing so Julie stepped back into the dim corridor. She groped along the wall until her hands touched the box; before she could lift the receiver, the bell had shrilled impatiently a third time.

"Hello," she said, cupping her hands about the mouthpiece to guide her lips.

It was a boy's voice which asked, "Is Sylvia Linton there?"

"Why—why, no!" she stammered, surprised that the call was not for a stranger. "I'm expecting her to come in any minute, though."

"Oh!" a pause. "Then you must be her friend Julianna Goodheart."

"Yes, I am."

"Well, this is Hugo—Hugo Leonard."

"Of course. But she wasn't expecting you until the end of the week."

"I had to come in to take care of some kids who're going up to camp to-morrow instead of later. I tried all afternoon to get you two."

"My! Sylvia'll be sorry. The minute we got in from the train we went for a walk to look at the shops. We just got back. Sylvia stopped at the corner drug-store for a tooth-brush, but she'll be in any minute now."

"Well—" He hesitated, then explained, "I've got an appointment five minutes ago with our head counselor, and it's at the Hotel Del Prado. That's miles from where I am now. I can't keep him wait-

Do boys ever like girls who wear glasses? Julie, who wore them, thought not. Pretty Sylvia agreed. Each was as surprised as the other to find that she was mistaken

By MARGARET THOMSEN RAYMOND

Illustrated by RUTH STEED



JULIE TURNED TO FACE HER, STILL HOLDING THE PINK DRESS UP TO HER SHOULDERS, AND SYLVIA GAVE A LITTLE GASP OF SURPRISE. "WHY, JULIE, YOU'RE REALLY PRETTY WITHOUT YOUR GLASSES. YOU ACTUALLY ARE!"

Ruth Steed

ing any longer. Tell Sylvia we'll meet you at the Terrace Room at seven."

"We? You—you mean me? I—I wasn't expecting to go."

"You haven't any other date, have you?" He actually sounded worried.

"No."

"That's great, because it's our only night in town. We're taking the early train to-morrow. Tell Sylvia to wear her gladdiest rags, and not to be more'n an hour late."

"Where?" demanded Julie in a panic lest he hang up. "Where did you say to meet you?"

"Terrace Room, Hotel Morrison," Hugo spoke slowly and distinctly, "at Madison and Clark. By the way, your date's with my cousin Charlie. Hope you don't mind."

"Mind? I—"

"Okay, then. We'll be seeing you. G'bye."

Julie, under this sudden excess of good fortune, sank into the wicker chair just inside the door. A date! But—it couldn't be—she had let him go without explaining—uncounted dismays crowded in upon her. She'd never had a real date before! Boys don't ask hopelessly near-sighted girls in great thick eyeglasses to go dancing with them. Of course, on Saturdays in the gym, there was no girl who wouldn't rather dance with Julie than anyone else there. She was gay and plump, light on her feet and easily led. She was the sort of girl about whom other girls grow defensive with their brothers. "Why don't you take Julie? She's a peach, and she has such a lot to her. If you'd go out with her just once—" But the brothers shied away. They always had. And they always would, Julie had thought. But now—

The wide-flung door cut through her dismay as Sylvia darted in, slamming it behind her. "The girl at the desk gave me a whole flock of notes about telephone calls—and they're every one from Hugo."

"Yes. He said he'd been trying all afternoon to get us."

"Oh! You talked to him?" Sylvia didn't notice the "us." "Where'd he say to call him back?"

"It's too late to get him now. He said to meet him at seven at the Terrace Room, Morrison Hotel, Madison and Clark." Julie repeated the address slowly, hesitant over the telling of her complete news. "He said he—he had a date for me, too."

"What?"

Julie winced at the surprise. Of course, the only reason Julie was along at all was because Sylvia's father and mother didn't think Sylvia should come alone to Chicago to take the summer course in pottery design at the Art Institute. Mr. Linton was even paying Julie's expenses and tuition. None of them, least of all Julie herself, had anticipated her sharing Sylvia's dates in the city, any more than she did in Clayton where they lived quite separate lives except for their common love of clay and the shaping of jars and vases in art class. Yet here, the first evening after their arrival—

Aloud Julie was stammering, "I—I couldn't get out of it very well, Sylvia. I didn't have time to explain—"



"Don't be a simpleton! What *should* you explain?" But they both knew very well. To cover an awkward pause, Sylvia asked, "Did he say who your date was?"

"His cousin Charlie."

"Charlie Leonard!" Sylvia squealed in delight. "Oh, it couldn't be! If it is, I'll be green-eyed all evening. He's simply gorgeous, Julie. Old—nineteen at least—with marvelous red hair and shoulders like—like that Greek god, you know, the one who holds up the world. And he's Southern and has the most fascinating drawl."

"You make him sound pretty appalling." Julie's lips curved in a faint smile.

"But he's not! You should have seen how the grown-up girls at the Dunes last summer practically fell over each other to get dates with him. Why, I almost had my eyes clawed out, the one time he cut in on a dance with me. Of course, I was only fifteen then. Do you suppose if I look simply devastating to-night in my new green organdie—"

Julie's pride came tumbling to her rescue. "Your date's



THE BOYS TRAILED BEHIND LIKE A COMET'S TAIL WHILE OUTRIGHT LAUGHTER RIPPLED OVER THE RESTAURANT AS THEY LEFT

with Hugo, Sylvia," she reminded her casually but firmly.

Sylvia shrugged. "Hugo's like bread and butter, always there." But she said no more about looking devastating.

"I hope my organdie isn't too mussed."

"I brought Mom's little traveling iron. S'pose we can use it here in the room?"

"I don't know. I'll run down and ask. Oh, and that reminds me, I'll have to see if we can get permission for tonight—" Sylvia raced off without finishing her sentence.

Julie remembered then that the woman who'd showed them to their room and told them the house rules, had explained that students under twenty must be in by ten o'clock. Wouldn't it be heartbreaking if, on her first real date, she had to say like any child, "I've got to be in by ten"? Well, anyway, in hopefulness, she might as well get out her pink voile. Although it was long and ruffled, not even a masculine eye would mistake the square neckline and the puffed sleeves for those of a summer formal. She held it up to her before

the mirror and knew from her reflection how far from "devastating" she would be—especially behind those thick-lensed glasses. She took them off and peered again, squinting a bit at the dark blur of her skin and hair above the pink of the dress.

Sylvia came bounding back. "It's all right. But I practically had to swear my life away that Hugo and I were almost brought up in the same cradle, and that my mother knew his mother, and maybe our grandmothers on both sides were chums. But we can stay out till midnight." She paused to catch her breath. "And we can iron up here—there's a board in the wall."

Julie turned to face her, still holding the pink dress against her shoulders, and Sylvia gave a little gasp of surprise. "Why, Julie, you're really pretty without your glasses. I mean you actually are!"

"Then I won't wear them." Julie laughed happily, excitedly. "I'll press your green (Continued on page 33)



SUE SAILS FOR

After two glamorous years in Europe, Sue embarks for home and has some merry and exciting days aboard ship before the tall spires of Manhattan top her horizon

By
**HELEN
PERRY
CURTIS**

ONCE on the boat, nothing else mattered. As Sue tucked herself into her bunk that first night, pulling the bedclothes well up under her chin and thumping her pillow with her ear to make it just right, she sighed happily. Getting ready to sail had been hectic. She thought back over it as she lay there. She and her mother had finally collected all their bundles and bags and trunks at a London hotel. It had been an appalling accumulation, the result of two years of wandering around Europe. Sue remembered ruefully the packing of her steamer trunk, and how, no matter how she tried, her efforts had always ended by finding the sleeve of her Czech costume, or the ruffles of her new Paris party dress hanging out at one end or the other. It hadn't been until she took out her Dutch wooden shoes and the six Hungarian costume dolls, that she could finally get the trunk shut, and then only by jumping on it. She had ended up by filling two wicker baskets and a string bag with odds and ends.

In the dim light from the hall, she could see the gay round and square and oblong labels stuck all over her bags, and she thought with a glow of reminiscent pleasure of the many places where she had collected them. The black gondola against a sunset sky had come from Venice, the snowy mountains with a girl in a bright ski-suit from Switzerland, the cathedral spires from Prague. Every label brought back happy memories.

The bunk above her gave a slight squeak and brought her mind back to the present. She cautiously pulled out one pink-pajamaed leg from under the covers, braced it upright against the spring of the bed above her, and pushed suddenly with all her might. There was a squeal from above, and a sleepy face popped over the edge.

"Cut that out," threatened Polly. "If you don't, I'll descend like fire and brimstone, and that'll be the end of you."

But Sue pretended to be sound asleep again and Polly was too drowsy to do anything about it. As a matter of fact, Polly was one of the most exciting things about this trip home. She and her twin brother, Paul, with whom Sue had spent Christmas in Switzerland, had purposely taken the same boat home to be with Sue and her parents. Their own father and mother were staying on longer in Europe. Besides that, Polly's father knew the Captain of this particular boat and had written a note to him, saying that his son and daughter were on board, so they had been invited to sit at the Captain's table. Sue was just a bit envious of this, but one can't have everything, she reflected.

She rolled over on her other side, lifted herself on her elbow, and looked up at the little shelf over her head. It held her purse and diary, an old-fashioned, lace-edged bouquet from Jeff, stuck in a glass of water, a yellow envelope with a wireless message from Jan, a fat letter from Janesika, and a box of her favorite sweets from Giovanna. Every one had been so good to her and she had made such wonderful friends. Greta had promised to visit her in America, Jan hoped to study sometime at Columbia University, and Jeff would have to convince himself from ac-



HOME

Illustrated by WILLIAM M. BERGER

tual experience that New York wasn't full of buffaloes and Indians. Sue smiled and her heart turned a funny little flip-flop. She wished England wasn't quite so far away from America.

The next thing she knew it was morning, and she and Polly were cheerfully stepping over and around each other in the stateroom, getting dressed. When they were ready, Paul joined them and they went together to breakfast. They snatched a hasty meal at the first table they came to and dashed up on deck. The day was too beautiful to waste a moment. The sea was shining silver and smooth as glass. Away off in the distance a school of dolphins broke the surface as they made great curving leaps out of the water and in again. At the bow of the boat the waters parted in two shining strands, and at the stern a silver wake stretched away to the blue horizon.

Gradually the deck chairs filled and the young people began to make guesses about their occupants.

"She must be an opera singer," said Paul, nodding sideways at a plump, black-haired woman who looked poured into her tight satin dress.

"And that's probably her manager sitting beside her," added Polly on the next round of the deck. "Men with goatees are always managers of something or other."

"Did you see the bride and groom?" whispered Sue. "They were holding hands right in plain sight and they both have on new shoes, so they must be. Don't you think so? And the beautiful blonde in the plaid coat couldn't come from anywhere but Hollywood."

"That neat little number with glasses and a hooked nose is an old maid all right," grinned Paul. "Only a mother could love a face like that."



POLLY AND PAUL AND SUE MADE THE ROUNDS OF THE DECK, SPECULATING ABOUT THE OCCUPANTS OF THE DECK CHAIRS

But they chuckled most of all over a fat man with no chin and an enormous black mustache. "He looks just like a walrus," murmured Sue, and "walrus" he was for the rest of the trip.

They found the gymnasium and swung on the rings and rode the electric horses whenever the family with five children gave them a chance. They discovered the swimming pool, and nothing would do but they must have a dip immediately, diving and swimming and ducking each other. They signed up for the shuffleboard tournament and stopped playing only long enough to have morning bouillon on deck.

At lunch Sue and her father and mother chose the most exciting things they could find on the menu—Swedish *smörgåsbord*, *pâté de fois gras*, Hungarian goulash, and Bavarian cream. While she ate, Sue's eyes traveled up and down the long menu card, picking out all the delicious foods she was going to order for the rest of the trip.

"Every meal should remind us of some special place we have visited," she said. "One day we can pretend we are in Italy and have spaghetti and fried chicken. Another day it will be *Wienerschnitzel* and *Apfelstrudel*; and we can always be French with *bors d'œuvres* and omelet. I'm not going to order the same thing twice on this whole trip."

Her father smiled. "Perhaps your appetite may vary, however, depending on the weather."

After lunch the three young people dragged Sue's father out of his comfortable deck chair for a game of deck tennis. When they came down on the promenade deck again, there were twice as many people as there had been in the morning, all stretched out comfortably under steamer rugs. Some of them were reading, some were watching the horizon as it lazily rose and fell behind the ship's rail. The bride and groom were still openly holding hands; the spinster, her spectacles halfway down her nose, was sleeping peacefully; the Walrus was snoring with his mouth wide open, his stomach heaving up and down. Paul and Polly and Sue nudged one another, dashing around the nearest corner to laugh. They almost ran into the deck steward who was wheeling out a table with a samovar of tea and a lower shelf loaded with sandwiches and cakes. Their hands full of sandwiches, they clambered up the steep stairs to the upper deck and settled themselves comfortably in a lifeboat to eat at their leisure.

"Wouldn't it be exciting if we really had to use these boats?" said Sue. "I've tried on my life belt already. It fits beautifully and is very becoming."

Presently came a steward looking for Polly and Paul. "The Captain wants to take you down to the engine room. Would the other young lady like to come, too?"

Off they went, first to the bridge where the Captain showed them all his maps and instruments, and then down, down, down funny steep stairs right into the throbbing heart of the great ship. Shiny brass pistons as big as cannon pushed backward and forward, great wheels revolved. The noise was deafening and there was a strong smell of oil and grease. The girls held tightly to each other and backed away as far as possible from the terrifying machine, but the Captain took Paul down a ladder right into the midst of the engine room.

From there they visited the galley, and the Captain obligingly turned his back and talked to the head steward while the white-capped chef, with a sly wink, passed the young people delicious, sticky little cakes which they took at a single gulp and were innocently examining a saucepan when the Captain turned around again. "No musta feed ze passengair," whispered the chef to

Sue, confidentially, with another wink and a Gallic shrug. When Sue went to her stateroom to dress for dinner there was a polite note asking if she and her mother and father would honor the Captain by sitting at his table during the voyage.

Sue dashed to her mother's stateroom, waving the note triumphantly. "Hooray!" she cried. "He's fat and jolly, and has crossed the ocean three hundred and twenty-seven times and he tells the grandest stories."

"Who does?" inquired her father mildly. "The Walrus, or the carpenter, or the bo'sun's mate? You might enlighten us further."

"No, silly, the Captain," explained Sue, sitting down on her father's lap and pulling his ears. "He's asked us to sit at his table. May we, please?"

"You might not feel quite so free to indulge your international appetites under those circumstances," suggested her father.

"Oh, but that won't matter," Sue pleaded. "Polly says he has all kinds of very special things served to his guests, so perhaps I can get along without the *Wiener schnitzel*. Say yes!"

Her mother laughed. "Hurry up and get into your prettiest frock. If we sit at the Captain's table, we must make him proud of us."

Sue sat between Polly and Paul, and what a good time they had! The head steward told them the best things to order, and the Captain lit his pipe when the coffee came and spun delightful yarns about his first trip on a sailing vessel when he was fourteen years old.

That day was only the beginning of all the fun. There were games every morning and movies in the afternoon. There was a daily Punch and Judy show and horse racing with tiny wooden horses in the salon after dinner. There were ridiculous sporting contests on deck, three-legged races, jousting matches on a spar above a canvas tank of water, pushing a penny down a board with one's nose. There were deck tennis and shuffleboard tournaments, and a concert with all sorts of professional and amateur talent atrociously punctuated by the fog horn. Best of all, there was a costume ball with balloons and confetti and bright colored streamers and absurd prizes for the best costumes. Paul and Polly won a rubber loving cup as the Siamese twins, dressed up together in the Walrus's swallow-tail coat and two borrowed top hats. Sue looked adorable in a Kate Greenaway frock and poke bonnet. Her old-fashioned bouquet from Jeff was still fresh enough to carry, and she did a much-practiced minuet with the Captain, looking very shy and sweet.

The last day but one, as the Captain was having his after-dinner pipe, Paul and Polly nudged Sue. "You ask him," they whispered.

The boat had been doing very funny things for the last two or three hours, not dipping steadily on her way with an occasional roll, as usual, but with considerable sidestepping and pitching and tossing in between.

"You ask him," whispered Paul again.

Sue started bravely. "There is just one thing we haven't done, Captain, that we're dying to do."

"What's that?" asked the Captain.

"We'd like to climb to the crow's nest."

Just at this moment a porthole flew open with a bang and there were surprised shrieks on the part of the family with

five children as a great green wave splashed over them. The stewards rushed forward and fastened the porthole shut again while the children shook themselves like puppy dogs and dashed out of the dining room.

The Captain tried to look very grave, but his eyes twinkled. "Getting rougher," he said. "I hope you are all good sailors." He thought a moment. "Usually it is against ship's rules to allow passengers to climb to the crow's nest, but the captain may make exceptions. If any one of you weathers this storm without missing a meal, we will break all rules and take the winner up!"

The ship rolled and lurched as they ran up the stairs, and the three supported themselves by walking arm in arm. They tried to play shuffleboard, but the deck had a way of tipping up unexpectedly and sliding the blocks around. Suddenly Polly turned pale green, leaned a minute against a cabin, and then disappeared hurriedly.

"One down," laughed Paul. "Let's walk fast around the deck. That will keep us feeling fine."

They started walking briskly, stumbling and laughing as the deck left them in mid-air, or came up and hit their feet. The canvases were roped along the rails now, and once in a while fine spray hit their faces. There was almost no one on deck and only an occasional steamer chair was occupied. The movie actress had a tray on her knees which slid off

with a crash, and a steward hurried to pick up the pieces. The Walrus was slightly green. The spinster lay with closed eyes and an expression of acute despair on her face. The opera singer, supported by her manager on one side, clutched the banister rail and staggered down the stairs.

"We are lost, the Captain shouted as he staggered down the stairs," quoted Paul oratorically. Suddenly he made a dash for the rail and hung over it limply. Sue fled.

"If I keep out in the air I'll be all right," she muttered, and stood in the pitching bow where the cold, salt spray stung her cheeks. Presently she, too, began to feel very queer. She hurried back, groping along the wall, and felt her way, with her eyes shut, to the first steamer chair.

"Oh dear," she thought, "I do hope I am not sitting in anyone's lap, but I just can't go a step farther."

Whenever she opened her eyes the horizon rose and fell sickeningly, so she kept them shut. "I mustn't be sick," she murmured. "I must climb the crow's nest."

She was cold and wanted the steamer rug over her, but could she possibly reach that far? Cautiously she lifted one hand, but dropped it, exhausted. If she moved she would be overcome by nausea, she knew. Very slowly she slid down into the chair until she could reach the rug and pull it around her. Even to open her eyes was an effort. When she did there was the dreadful horizon heaving up and down. Then she heard her mother's voice in her ear and waved her feebly away. "Crow's nest," she murmured and sank into a stupor.

After what might have been days, or merely hours, she slowly revived. She felt the cold wind blowing in her face and began vaguely to realize that the ship was no longer pitching and tossing, but rolling gently in quiet waters. She opened one eye painstakingly. The horizon was moving, to be sure, but much more sedately. She felt herself all over. Yes, she was all there. What was it she had just been thinking? Oh yes, the crow's nest. She sat up cautiously and looked around. There was her (Continued on page 31)



AT LAST—THE SKY-LINE OF NEW YORK



WOODLAND BOUNTY

*The autumn woods hold beauty,
some of which may be carried home*

By MARY E. PASCO

Decoration by DOROTHY BAYLEY

WHEN you are in the woods, it is natural that you should want to take some of its beauty home with you, and there is no reason why you shouldn't. That is, not if you train yourself to abide by the very sensible rule of "pick some and leave some," being sure to take no more than you need. Bright partridge berries and their tiny, rich, green leaves which carpet the forest floor are known to all and are plentiful enough to be picked by everyone in small quantities. They will be attractive arranged in a glass bowl and they will last all winter. Both the berries, and the mosses which you will want as a carpet for the bowl, must be gathered early this month for trying to collect plants adhering to frozen ground, or buried in icy leaves, is a painful task. Also, plants break off in tiny pieces when frozen and mosses die when the ice gets into them.

There are several small evergreen plants that add cheer to a house during the winter, that must be taken up this month. Under the newly-fallen leaves you will find lovely, striped, green rosettes of the rattlesnake plantain. And there is the familiar pipsissewa, but few people know that it is evergreen. Then there is the tiny rock-brake fern which grows on rocks and crevices; and you will want some aromatic wintergreen with its gay, pink-red berries. All of these plants, and several others common in the woods, retain their green coloring all winter and this makes them suitable for indoor use. While gathering them add to your collection several clumps of the little gray lichens which are to be found on the damp woods floor. A most important item to get immediately is a good supply of soil, preferably from the woods, with plenty of leaf mold. You'll need a pickaxe to get it later on.

If you are not ready yet to arrange your partridge berry bowls, or your fern dishes, all of the plants and mosses which you collect may be put into a large glass container having a cover, until you wish to use them. Sprinkle the plants well, screw the glass lid on tightly, and place the jar in a moderately warm place out of the direct sunlight. Given this simple care, your little woodland plants will keep fresh and green until you are ready to arrange them.

Then what pleasure you will have from the woodland bounty you have transported indoors to be a promise of spring days to come! Consider, too, how welcome one of your green-and-red jeweled bowls would be to an invalid unable to do forest foraging.

A new Midge story in which Adele, Midge's sister, spurns with amusement the simple pleasure of a straw ride, only to find out that the joke is on her

By
**MARJORIE
PARADIS**

ADELE STOOD HAUGHTILY,
NOSE IN AIR, AS MIDGE
KNELT DOWN TO HELP BILL
STUFF THE SCATTERED CON-
TENTS BACK INTO THE BAG

Illustrated by
MERLE REED



STUFFED SHIRT

MIDGE BENNETT vigorously worked the chopped olives into the cream cheese, her enthusiasm born of a pervading happiness. Sometimes she bubbled with joy for a very small reason—because a song reminded her of past pleasures, or merely because it was ice cream day—and often she was jubilant for no definite reason. But to-day there was a definite cause. She had a heavy date with Quentin Hamilton, and the heavier the date, the lighter her spirits.

"When you're through playing mud pies, Dizzy has some bread cut," suggested her sister, Adele.

The three of them were working on a card table in Adele's narrow dormitory room at Conway College, preparing for a small tea to which neither Midge nor Dizzy was invited. Midge, however, only a pupil in the nearby prep school, Duncan Hall, felt important assisting in a college function. As for Dizzy, a spectacled freshman, pale and mousey—so called not because of her effect on others, but because without her glasses she always complained of dizziness—she was a victim to Adele's charms and slaved adoringly for her upper classman.

"Is this thin enough?" Dizzy asked timidly, balancing a

wafer slice of bread on the knife. "It's pretty hard to cut." "It's marvelous!" praised Adele, poking cloves into the lemon slices and scarcely looking at the exhibit.

They worked for a time in silence. Midge plastered the bread with cream cheese like a mason spreading cement, and thought about the coming date. She'd have to tell Adele about it, or there'd be a fuss. Older sisters had the most irritating way of flattening out their younger sisters' plans.

"Know what I'm doing to-night?" she tendered by way of an introduction.

"I know what you ought to do." Adele finished cutting some oblong cakes into tiny slices and licked her fingers. "You ought to bone for exams."

"So we'll have one good student in the family?"

Adele ignored the slam. "Going out with Tin?"

Midge assented with a grunt.

"Quentin Hamilton, son of the Hamilton," Adele explained to Dizzy. "All sorts of money. They have a regular estate outside Newtown. He's a nice youngster—at least he will be when he's fledged. Just now he's kept busy yanking his voice down from the clouds and up from the cellar."

There she was poking fun at Tin! And of course Dizzy



had to laugh; she'd laugh if Adele made fun of her twin sister, supposing she had one.

"His older brother," went on Adele, "is Cue Hamilton, a postgraduate at Harvard—used to be simply swell, but they say popularity's turned him into a stuffed shirt. You've never so much as seen him, have you, Midge?"

"No more than the purple cow," Midge answered coldly.

"But *you* have, Adele, haven't you?" asked Dizzy, glancing at the newspaper pictures of the hero festooning the mirror.

"Of course." There was a note of chiding in Adele's voice that anyone should ask such an obvious question, but she avoided her sister's eye for Midge knew the one glimpse she had had of Cue Hamilton was in his football regalia across a vast stadium.

"What are you babes-in-the-woods doing? Going to a movie?"

"Not to-night." Midge cemented the last two pieces of bread and passed them back to Dizzy. Greedily she nibbled the crusts that slid from Dizzy's careful knife.

"No? So what?" insisted Adele.

"Quentin's giving a straw ride."

"A what?"

"A straw ride."

"What's that?"

"You've heard of straw rides," protested Midge. "You must have."

"I've also heard of quilting parties and husking bees, but I don't know what they are," Adele said loftily.

"This is going to be packs of fun." Midge talked rapidly before Adele utterly crushed her with her steam roller. "Tin's invited his whole class. His father planned it—he used to have lots of straw rides when he was a boy. They fill a big wagon with hay and it's to be pulled by a team of horses. I don't ever remember being driven by horses in all my life!"

"Who'd want to be?"

"I would," defended Midge. "It's going to be a wow!"

"But the Hamiltons have a fleet of cars. If he wants to take his class anywhere, he could go to Revere Beach."

"Bah! What's that, compared to this?"

Adele turned to her satellite.

"Now, honestly, Dizzy, mustn't it be wonderful to be so young you can actually look forward to jogging along on a hard wagon covered by a few wisps of straw and pulled by a couple of plow horses?"

Dizzy giggled.

"Trouble with you is, you're jealous," maintained Midge; and, helping herself to the rest of the crusts, she dropped among the pillows on the couch and rat-tatted a cheerful tune on the wall with the toe of her golf shoe.

"Me, jealous?" laughed Adele and daintily held her nose as if the mere thought of anything so bucolic as a straw ride smelt to heaven.

A familiar whistle outside brought Midge to the window with a lithe spring and, looking down, she saw a lank youth in brown corduroy slacks and a scuffy brown suede wind-

breaker. His light brown hair, innocent of a hat, had blown over his forehead in a bang.

"Hello, Tin. Want to see me?"

Quentin squinted a blue eye against the sun. "Just a sec, Midge."

She skipped down the broad stairs and out of the Gothic hall to the courtyard where she found Adele entertaining Tin from her window.

"—perfectly thrilling," she was raving.

"I hope it'll be fun," Tin answered soberly.

"What?" demanded Midge.

"Why, the straw ride, of course. It's an inspiration!" extolled Adele and hurriedly closed her window.

"I've been worrying about grub for to-night, Midge," Quentin explained. "You have to get back so early there won't be time to drive all the way home, so what do you say to our stopping at the Bean-wagon?"

"Packs of fun! But it'll cost you a fortune to feed that mob," she reminded him practically.

"Yeah, about six months' allowance, but the governor's promoting this stunt."

"Oh, if your father's paying for it—that's different!" And they both laughed gaily.

"Do you think hot dogs, slops, and apple turnovers would be oke?"

"Swell, Tin. Simply swell!"

"Want to go down to Joe's with me while I warn him to be prepared?"

"Love to. I'm the luckiest kid alive to be included."

"There's one other thing!" Quentin frowned up at the window, then said in an undertone, "I feel piggish about your sister, she's so keen for this bat. There's always room for one more. Ask her if you like."

Midge tightened her lips to check her mirth.

"You ask her, Tin. It's your party."

He brought Adele back to the window with another whistle and called up to her, "Say, Adele, if you haven't anything better to do to-night, maybe you'd like to come

along. We'll drive for a couple of hours and end up at the Bean-wagon."

"Yes, why don't you come?" echoed Midge. She stood behind Quentin, holding her nose daintily in imitation of Adele's gesture.

Her sister smiled sweetly.

"Thanks, Quentin, so much. There's nothing I'd enjoy more and it's precious of you to ask me, but I have a previous engagement."

"That's too bad," lamented the boy. "My brother insists he's coming along and you might have kept him company."

Midge knew Adele's date was only the movies with Dizzy, and she realized the sudden importance of this despised bat; here, at last, was her sister's opportunity to meet the celebrated Cue Hamilton who, for over a year, had been her unknown hero. Adele would consider missing the chance to meet him a real tragedy. The opportunity of a lifetime pitched away!

Although Midge suspected she would have a better time without her sister, she was about to suggest that she chuck her date, when Adele called down, "You'll get Midge back to Duncan Hall by nine-thirty, won't you, Quentin?"

"Try sitting on a tack and you'll have something to worry about, Del," retorted Midge, her sympathy evaporated. "Come along, Tin."

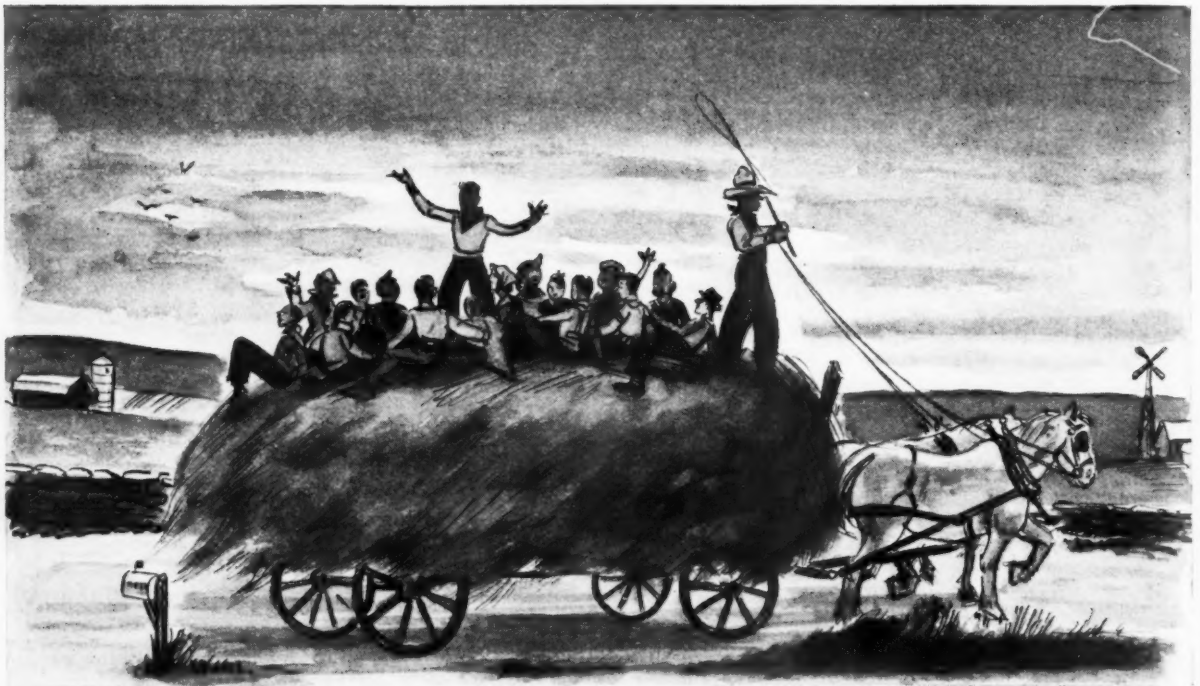
IT WAS twilight when the vast hayrack lumbered down the street, eight horseshoes clattering on the asphalt. Wisps of straw caught on the overhanging branches, leaving a trail of pendant decorations. As a farm hand in a big straw hat and red bandanna drew up before Duncan Hall, a chorus of some two dozen inharmonious voices chanted from the hay:

"Hail, hail! The multitude's assembled!"

"Why should we concern ourselves?"

"Why should we concern ourselves?"

The front windows were a mosaic of faces and Miss McGill, the head mistress, escorted Midge to the curb. She had been to school with Quentin's (Continued on page 37)



THEY ALL BELLOWED "SEEING NELLIE HOME" WITH LUSTY ENTHUSIASM



Directions for beginning another interesting and rewarding hobby

by

CHESTER MARSH

Arts and Crafts Adviser, National Staff, Girl Scouts, Inc.

ONCE upon a time—so all stories of magic begin—there lived a good magician, greatly beloved by all who knew him.

His magic was of a very special variety—a warm and kindly magic that made grown-ups remember the exhilaration of childhood and, in remembering, understand how children feel about everyday things. He was also able to make young people understand the adventure and thrill of growing up.

Another thing his magic did—and this is what happened to me in the story I am about to tell you—was to open people's eyes to the beauty and wonder of everyday things and everyday life, and awaken what Locke calls a "divine curiosity that rainbows the tears of the world."

Now this good magician didn't use wands, or powders, or black cats, or crucibles. His special variety of magic was evoked by words—but not the old stock words used by ordinary magicians. He never said "presto," or "mumbo jumbo," or "open sesame." He made up his own—like this:

*"Happy hearts and bappy faces,
"Happy play in grassy places."*

or

*"I was the giant, great and still,
"That sits upon the pillow-hill
"And sees before him, dale and plain,
"The pleasant land of counterpane."*

And sometimes it was—

*"I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
"Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night."*

And then there was this particularly potent one—

*"Sing me a song of the lad that is gone—
"Say, could that lad be I?"*

Years ago I was magicked. I have never come out from under the spell and I hope I never shall. The particular words that whisked me away into new worlds were—but first let me tell you how it all happened.

It was a commonplace, uninteresting day when I was magicked—a flat, everyday sort of day—and I was not happy, neither was I sad. I just wasn't anything. There was nothing that I wanted to do, no one I wanted to see, and nothing I cared to hear. I was just dull—my grandmother used to call it "doncey."

I stood by the open window and watched the dry grasses wave in the hot sun. Idly I picked up a leather bound book that lay on the broad

window sill, and opened it at random.

I didn't know at the time that it was a volume of the magician's most powerful incantations, but it didn't take me long to find out. My eyes fell on the words—

*"The world is so full of a number of things,
"I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."*

"Well, suppose it is," I thought, "what of it? Why should we all be as happy as kings just because the world is all cluttered up with things?" Instead of laying the book down and going on my "doncey" way, however, I began to argue with myself like this. What was there in things to make people happy? Things around me weren't interesting. Plain old everyday things. Things might be exciting for Robert Louis Stevenson—he went places where he could see strange and different things. Journeys in the French mountains with a donkey and sojourns in the misty and romantic Scotch loch country and the South Sea Islands. He could see things, many things that would make anybody as happy as kings. But what could anyone find here?

I CLOSED the book and turned it over in my hands. The soft tooled leather felt cool and smooth to my touch. I looked at the lettering on the cover—"Selected Poems," Robert Louis Stevenson. Then I noted the exquisite, raised border design. What was it? I studied it carefully and found it to be a conventionalization of the Scotch thistle. Of course. Stevenson was a Scotchman.

When you think about it, a book is a wonderful thing, isn't it? It is a treasure chest of ideas and, in this case, it was a doubly wonderful thing because, aside from the wonder of the words of Robert Louis Stevenson, the cover, the end papers, the type, were all beautiful and harmonious; even the paper, creamy white and smooth with gilded edges, blended with all the other details of the binding, making of the whole a work of art.

Books! Who made the first book? Where and when was it made? (You see how the magic worked. I was getting excited.) How are books made to-day? Who makes them? Why couldn't I make a book? (Continued on page 36)

JOLLY LITTLE SIXPENCE

— The Story So Far —

Polly Newcomb, a sixteen-year-old girl of the Eighties visiting at her Grandmother Van Doren's farm, learns that her young uncle, Whitby Van Doren, must ride alone the following night to collect a large sum of money, on a road where there has been trouble with highway robbers. Neither Polly nor Whit can be sure that Austrian Ed, mysterious farm-hand, has not overheard them talking about the danger of carrying so much cash on a lonely ride after dark.

Next night, after Whit has left on his errand, Austrian Ed appears in the kitchen with two pitchforks and an ax. "Witches is around when Wits is away. I drive them off," he explains when Grandmother orders him out. All three women are frightened lest Ed may mean harm to Whit when he returns. They cannot fasten the outside door which has a broken lock so, barring the doors which shut off the kitchen and collecting the silver spoons, they take refuge in the sitting room. To their horror, they hear the sound of Ed's footsteps coming back. The story continues. . . .

PART TWO

THERE was no doubt about it—it was Ed's step on the porch. They could hear him open and close the door. Now he must be in the dark kitchen. A match cracked sharply—he must have lighted a candle. His footsteps creaked across the floor to his bedroom. A few bumping sounds. Then silence.

"We'll go upstairs now," Grandmother whispered. And the little procession tiptoed up, Sank shouldering ahead.

At the top, Polly remembered something. "Grandmother! Whit's rifle!"

Grandmother turned back to the stairs, then abandoned her half-formed impulse. "We should have brought it," she murmured, "but it's too late now."

Placing the lamp on a table in the hall where its light shone into the front bedrooms, she stepped into her own, the big one over the parlor. Polly saw her get Grandfather's heavy cane. She carried her Boston rocker out to the head of the stairs.

"I'll sit here, Mary. You watch the back stairs. When it's time for Whit, I'll slip out of the front door to warn him."

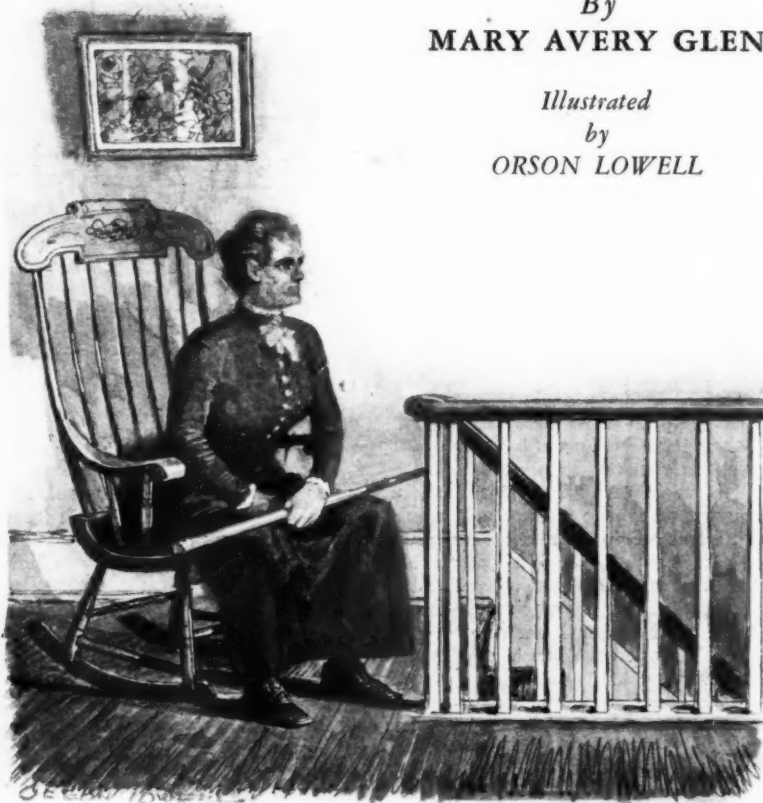
Aunt Mary held a paper spill over the lamp chimney until the twist burst into flame, and lighted a second lamp, a little glass one. This she set on a stand in the rear hall before taking her seat, tight-lipped, at the top of the dark well-hole of the back stairs. She clutched a pewter candlestick as a weapon.

"Polly, you may as well go to bed," Grandmother decided.

With danger threatening herself as well as Whitby, Polly has unexpectedly to face a test of real courage

By
MARY AVERY GLEN

Illustrated
by
ORSON LOWELL



"Don't take off your clothes. Lie on top of the quilt and throw a blanket over you."

Polly slept in a narrow nook behind Aunt Mary's room which was opposite Grandmother's at the front of the house. The nook had two doors, one opening into her aunt's room, the other into the back hall. Her window commanded the farmyards. She lay down, but with no thought of sleep. Her doors were open. Through the front one she could hear the creaking of Grandmother's rocker; through the rear, she could see across the back hall into Whit's room over the kitchen. The lamplight shone in on his overalls, flung across a chair when he had changed for the ride to Deckertown.

Sank came in and lay on the floor beside Polly's bed. The window was open and there were faint night sounds from without. A dog was barking, far away over at Teunis Wyckoff's. Sank heard it and raised his head, whining softly. There was a rustling among the chickens and one of the little porkers stirred in the pigpen. "Oink! Oink!" he cried with piggish indifference as to whether or not he waked the others. Occasionally Roanoke or old Charley stamped dully in the stable. It was a sleepy sound.

Something woke Polly. Probably a growl from Sank. The room was full of moonlight, and the dog, a black shape, stood at the window looking out, his paws resting on

AUNT MARY HELD A PAPER
SPILL OVER THE LAMP UN-
TIL THE TWIST BURST IN-
TO FLAME WHILE GRAND-
MOTHER SAT UPRIGHT AT
THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS



the sill. Raising herself on her elbow, Polly caught an abrupt sound from the farmyard, loud and familiar—the clatter of a horse's hoofs on the wooden ramp of the stable. She sat up in panic. Whit must have come in! He was putting up Nestor, of course. Had Grandmother missed him? He was in danger.

Springing out of bed, she joined Sank at the window. But she was wrong about Whit. Instead, in the moonlight she saw Ed in his long dark cape, riding across the yard and out of the middle gate, on Roanoke.

Polly stretched across the sill and saw Ed turn the horse's head toward the Junction. Below her, in the sitting room, the clock struck eleven. She felt every stroke like a blow. Now the terrible truth was clear. Ed must have discovered the nature of his young master's errand. And now he was riding out on Whit's fast horse to waylay him.

As she drew in her head, she heard a snore from the rear hall. Aunt Mary had fallen asleep at the top of the back stairs. But why hadn't Grandmother heard the noise? It was inconceivable that the old lioness had dozed for a moment, too.

Dashing through Aunt Mary's room to waken her grandmother, Polly's thoughts crowded fast. What could they do? Run to the neighbors? But there weren't any neighbors ex-

cept Teunis Wyckoff and his wife within miles. And the Wyckoffs were old people. Tim Gaffney? Tim Gaffney was a thief himself. And Ed was already between Whit and help.

But was he? Her headlong rush stopped at the door of Aunt Mary's room. *The short cut through Wyckoff's woods!* If some one could reach that point on the turnpike before Ed reached it on his long ride by way of the Junction! Before Whit reached it from Deckertown! The situation narrowed itself to a finger, pointing at Polly. And she seemed to hear a voice cry, "This means you!"

At the prompting of that inner voice, her plan of action mapped itself out. Whit's only chance hung on her. No one else could reach and warn him. And yet, if Grandmother or Aunt Mary should wake, they wouldn't let her go. Grandmother didn't realize that Polly was almost a woman and that her own intrepid blood flowed through her granddaughter's veins.

Groping, the girl found the key of the back stairs door on her aunt's bureau and stole through her own room and into the back hall. The little glass lamp seemed in the secret with its insistent pointing at Whit's overalls. Polly needed those overalls. Whit always lent her a pair when she rode old Charley, for the farm equipment did not include a sidesaddle. Stepping into his room, she scooped them up, slipped by Aunt Mary, and down the back stairs. Sank followed on cushioned feet as if he sensed the need for quiet.

The kitchen seemed sinister now, like an evil place that Polly had never seen before. A candle, burned nearly to the socket, flickered on the table near the covered plate set out for Whit, a sluggish trickle of tallow creeping into the brass bowl beneath the candlestick. The window shades had been drawn, shutting out the moonlight. Though Polly had seen Ed ride away, she glanced nervously in the direction of his bedroom. Turning, she locked the door to the back stairs and pulled out the key. The two sleepers above must be protected. Suppose Ed should return!

Her eyes sought the fireplace. Yes, it was true, the thing she had dreaded. The loops of leather that had held Whit's gun dangled empty. The rifle was gone.

Trembling now with certainty, she slipped off her skirt and struggled with the overalls. Oh, why did that buckle have to catch in her hair! Time was such a tragic factor. There! She had managed it.

Shutting Sank in the kitchen, she stepped out on the back porch. The outside world was drenched in light. The moon floated in the dark sky, bright, like a silver platter. Years afterward Polly could remember what a sharp shadow the little pear tree cast on the front of the milk house.

Reaching back to find a place for the stair door key, her hand, in Whit's pocket, brushed a crumpled handkerchief. The reminder was too poignant. Dear Wits! And Ed was going to kill him! Sobbing, she ran through a gap in the picket fence into the middle yard.



Old Charley was tired. He flattened his ears and backed out of the stall unwillingly. Polly led him into the patch of moonlight on the stable floor and, throwing the saddle across his back, fastened the buckles with shaking hands. In a corner lay a pile of burlap feed bags. These she strewed on the ramp to deaden the sound of his hoofs.

Mounting was not easy without Whit to give her a springy hand up, but she scrambled somehow into her high seat. Her eyes turned toward the upper windows of the house. Luckily Ed had left the gate open. If she could once get out into the road, she would gallop away no matter who called after her.

Out of the gate, she turned Charley toward the Wyckoff farm in the opposite direction from the Junction and goaded him into a clumsy canter. The night was cold. The promised frost had come and the steep roof of the new barn glittered with silver rime.

Polly had seldom been outdoors at so late an hour—never

IN THE DITCH UNDER THE TREES, BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE TO THE WOOD PATH, LOOMED A SHADOW OF A MAN AND HORSE

alone—but her fear of the tragedy hanging over Three Gates diminished the lesser fears of the midnight road as she urged Charley forward between the moonlit ranks of Teunis Wyckoff's corn shocks.

With a better mount she could have covered the distance with a fair degree of speed, but if she ceased for a moment to kick and prod Charley he settled into a walk. By the time Teunis Wyckoff's outbuildings came into view she was almost in despair.

The Wyckoff house stood back from the road and its windows were dark. The old couple undoubtedly had been in bed for hours. The place looked unkempt, even under the light of the moon. Teunis was not a careful farmer.

Polly dreaded the next stretch. For there she knew she must pass Tim Gaffney's shanty, standing in the middle of a great cornfield. Strange stories were whispered about Tim

and his house. Folks said that he planted that particular field with corn every year for his own dark reasons. But in the autumn when the corn was cut and shocked, the little house like murder would "out" and stand exposed as now. Even Charley seemed to smell danger and quickened his pace. Approaching it, Polly thought she saw a light in a lower window. But it was only the moon, glinting on two tall milk cans on the rickety porch.

THE cart track across the fields to the woods was bright as day, but the light only intensified the blackness when she plunged in among the trees. The way was so dark that she was obliged to give Charley his head and trust him to find the bridge over the creek. Soon she heard the water murmuring over its stones, and in a moment Charley's hoofs thundered on the planks. The sudden sound almost unnerved her.

The last half mile seemed like ten. Every stump rising before her, man-high, took on potential menace. Every twig her elbow brushed seemed an impalpable threat rustling at her ear. Then a scattered glimmer showed ahead and gathered itself into a lane of light, fretted sharply with black-shadowed leaves. A few more stumbling steps and she and Charley were on the 'pike at last.

Still in the tree shadows, she drew the old horse up at the brink of the roadside ditch. The turnpike flowed before her like a dark-gray stream. On her right, toward the Junction, it wound between overhanging woods and lost itself in shade. On her left, toward Deckertown, flat cornfields without relief of bush or tree stretched away on either side, swimming in light. The corn had been cut and taken in. Nothing remained but frosted stubble. For a distance the road was clearly visible, then it disappeared around a bald sand hill.

At first the night seemed utterly still. Even the crickets had been silenced by the frost. In her excitement Polly failed at first to notice the beginning of a small, far-away sound, hardly more than a pulse in the air. Charley called attention to it by lifting his ears. It was coming nearer now and growing louder. *Clip-a-clop. Clip-a-clop.* A horse was coming toward her along the turnpike.

She guided Charley into the road, her heart hammering with triumph. "Whit's coming! I'm in time!"

But her joyful relief lasted only a moment. The bright thought was followed by another, a dark and appalling thought. From which direction did the sound come? From Deckertown, or the Junction? That horse trotting toward her on the turnpike—was it Nestor, or was it, perhaps, Roanoke?

For the first time since she had ridden through the farm gate on her midnight errand, Polly thought of danger to herself. If Ed should overtake her here, would he be likely to let her escape, a witness of his crime? She knew he would not.

If she should hide, concealed at the edge of the wood till the horseman appeared, she might save herself. And Whit, too, if the rider were Whit. But suppose it should be the other? Once let Ed trot along the 'pike past her, get between her and her young uncle—! She pulled Charley resolutely

around toward Deckertown and dug her heels into his sides.

At the instant, as if in recognition of her courage, another sound startled the night, sweet, thinned by distance, and, at that solemn place and hour, fantastic. Far away a tenor voice broke out into song, a song Polly seemed to have heard in the safety of an old farm kitchen a hundred years ago.

*"I love sixpence, jolly little sixpence,
"I love sixpence better than my life!"*

Whit was coming, cheering his lonely journey with song. She and Charley flung themselves toward him, past the obscuring sand hill. Every second the song grew clearer.

*"I love nothing, jolly little nothing,
"I love nothing better than my life!
"I'll take nothing, jolly little nothing,
"I'll take nothing ho-ome to my wife!"*

As soon as Polly saw him she realized, with a pang of fear, that Nestor, weary, was lagging along the moonlit road.

"Whit!" she gasped when she was near enough to speak, "Oh, Whit, be quiet!"

Whit pulled Nestor back. He stared at her, unbelieving. "Polly! What the everlasting tunket! Is Mother sick?"

Polly shook her head. Now that she had reached him, she was almost too choked to speak. "Ed," she gasped. "Going to kill you and take the money. Coming with your gun. On Roanoke."

"What?" Whit bent forward, eyes narrowed to incredulous attention.

Finding her voice, Polly told him briefly.

"You don't say," he muttered. Pulling a package from his breast pocket, he loosened the upper button of his flannel shirt and slipped it inside.

Then, suddenly, he realized the girl's danger.

"You've got to get away from me, Polly," he said sternly. "And get away quick! Off the road!" He pointed with his whip across the fields. You'll have to run for it!" Then he let his arm fall.

"No. You can't ride over those furrows. And in this light you'd be a target."

"I'm going to stay with you," Polly burst out. "Can't we hide?"

Rising in his stirrups, Whit scanned the fields. "Hide where? There isn't a bush or a haystack."

"Maybe there's time to get back to the wood path ahead of Ed."

Whit dropped to his saddle. "Good girl! I ought to have thought of that myself. There's a bare chance."

Seizing Charley by the bridle, he pulled him around and jerked his head to wake him up. Unused to such treatment, Charley reared and showed the (Continued on page 50)

Seed-Pod Time

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

Now seed-pods take the garden for their own . . .

The keen wind stings that yesterday was warm,
The lush growth crisps till each plant stands alone,
And color once again gives way to form.

Softness is gone. Beauty is stark, austere,
Skeletal, fundamental as the norm,

Exactly geometric. See this sphere,
These angles of precision—here is law

Pure to sheer beauty. This the time of year

When we see patterns early peoples saw,

Those basic shapes they left in cloth or stone—

A sampler of design for Greek or squaw

To carve on Parthenon or scratch on bone . . .

Now seed-pods take the garden for their own.

BUSY HANDS & H



Photograph by Paul Parker



Photograph by Avery Black

LEARNING THEIR A B C'S AND PLAYING WITH BLOCKS ARE HAPPILY COMBINED FOR THESE TWO SMALL PEOPLE WHEN GIRL SCOUTS ARE IN CHARGE



Courtesy Dallas Times Herald

TOP ABOVE: THIS GIRL SCOUT WRAPS IN CELLOPHANE THE HAND-DIPPED BAYBERRY CANDLES SHE HAS MADE AS A PRESENT TO HER THANKSGIVING DINNER HOSTESS

MEMBERS OF TROOP NINE, DALLAS, TEXAS, MAILING MAGAZINES TO BRING CHEER TO A LEPER COLONY NEAR TRINIDAD, SOUTH AMERICA



WHEN FROST IS IN THE AIR AND THE WIND HOWLS, WHO GO CAMPING OVER THE WOODS FOR WARMTH, AND TO STAY FOR

HAPPY HEARTS



Every Black Photograph by Ruth Nichols

WITH GREAT SECRECY BROWNIES BEGIN EARLY TO MAKE THEIR CHRISTMAS SURPRISES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THEIR FAMILIES



Photograph by Ruth Nichols



THE AIR ON THE GROUND, GIRL SCOUTS OVER WINDS MUST SAW SUFFICIENT, AND TO FOR ALL THEIR COOKING NEEDS



TROOP TEN OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA, MAKE LAYETTES FOR THE NEEDLEWORK GUILD. READ THE INTERESTING ACCOUNT ON PAGE TWENTY- EIGHT

TOP ABOVE: GIRL SCOUTS MIX THE WHITE, CRUSTY KERNELS OF FRESHLY POPPED CORN WITH MOLASSES TO MAKE MOUTH-WATERING POP-CORN BALLS FOR THANKSGIVING



A SENIOR SERVICE TROOP

PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA: The older Girl Scouts in our community, those from sixteen to eighteen, continue their interest in Girl Scouting in their Senior Service Troop. The officers must be First Class Girl Scouts and at least Juniors in high school.

The object of the Senior Service Troop is to participate in activities which may render a service to the community. Among these services have been: assisting in collecting books for a community book drive during National Book Week; helping with American Red Cross first aid stations; serving at Girl Scout banquets; giving radio plays to further interest in Girl Scouting; assisting in younger Girl Scout troops; constructing marionettes and giving marionette programs in the schools and on special occasions such as a Girl Scout banquet, or forum. The marionette project has been of special interest to the girls in the Senior Service Troop as well as to the community. The girls write their own plays for the marionettes, as well as constructing, dressing, and manipulating them.

In addition to these community services the girls enjoy knitting and bridge lessons. At one time they had several lectures on proper make-up for different occasions. They are interested in reading good books and a book review is often featured on the troop program.

The Senior Service Troop has proved very successful in Parkersburg as a means of keeping older girls interested in Scouting.

Elizabeth Wolfe, Public Relations Chairman



THE GIRL SCOUTS GO ROLLING ALONG!

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA: On Saturday, November seventh, 1936, from two to four o'clock, the Girl Scouts of Erie had a roller skating party which was attended by three hundred girls. The street on which we skated, Frontier Drive, was roped off by the police department.

Our party was sponsored by the leaders' association, and Mrs. Kuebler, a Council member, allowed them to serve refreshments from her club. Each girl brought her own cup strapped on her belt, and we were served chocolate-milk and cookies. Some of the girls didn't have roller skates so three of the leaders had games for them to play on the lawn of Mrs. Kuebler's house.

At four o'clock Miss Mary Wagner, head of the Girl Scouts in Erie, had us gather in a group to sing songs, and then for our good-night circle. Some of the Girl Scouts rode home on their bikes, some roller-skated home, and parents called for others. The girls all had a grand time.

Mary Lick, Troop 17

FALL DAYS



AT THE HANDICRAFT CLUB IN TULSA, OKLAHOMA, WHERE GIRL SCOUTS MEET TWICE A WEEK TO LEARN HOW TO KNIT BEFORE THEY ATTEMPT TO LEARN VARIOUS OTHER TYPES OF CRAFTS

OUR STAR REPORTER

MARJORIE DISBROW of Troop 10, North High School of Omaha, Nebraska has the honor of being named Star Reporter for January. Marjorie writes:

"Doing a yearly good turn and, at the same time, completing one requirement for the Second Class rank—that is the way our Girl Scouts do their part for the Needlework Guild each year.

"For three years Omaha Girl Scouts and Brownie packs, like Girl Scouts all over the nation, have joined the Needlework Guild. The requirements for membership are that an individual give two new articles, or a group give twenty-two new articles. The garments must be turned in by October twenty-third, so, at their first September meeting, the Girl Scouts set to work. The Court of Honor decides what the troop shall make. The troops composed of high school girls generally undertake layettes. The girls decide upon the color for the trimming, then a committee buys the material which is paid for out of the troop treasury. The work is divided up so that each girl makes what she wishes. Sometimes ambitious girls even knit little booties, or tiny jackets.

"The troops of younger girls usually hem diapers, or make simple dresses. In these troops this yearly good turn serves double duty, for one garment neatly done passes the girl on her Second Class sewing requirement. Many of the Scouts so enjoy making these clothes that they make additional garments and so take a big step toward earning the Needlewoman proficiency badge.

"Omaha's Brownie packs, although not such experienced seamstresses as the older Girl Scouts, are not to be outdone and this year they furnished over one hundred handkerchiefs. The total number of garments turned in by Omaha Girl Scouts this year exceeded six hundred. Some of the daintiest, most neatly made things are sometimes displayed in the window of one of the large department stores.

"Omaha Girl Scouts all agree that sewing for the Needlework Guild isn't work but fun, and all look forward to doing it every year." (See picture on page 27, Editor.)



ARE FULL DAYS

GIRL SCOUTS REPRESENTATIVE OF MANY STATES SHARE IN PLANTING A LIVING MEMORIAL TO THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR



SCOUTS PLANT ACORNS

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS: "Perhaps our grandchildren will play under the shade we are planting to-day," observed a Girl Scout on November fourteenth, 1936, as she stooped to plant an acorn.

Boy and Girl Scouts were participating in the planting of thousands of acorns in the Abraham Lincoln Memorial Garden on the shores of Lake Springfield (Illinois) where sixty acres have been set aside as a living memorial to the Great Emancipator.

Dozens and dozens of materialistic monuments have been built in honor of our sixteenth President; hundreds of books review his life and accomplishments. This day Scouts were assisting in the building of a living shrine to his memory; one that will grow more and more beautiful year by year, one that will "belong to the ages," for oak trees, it seems, sometimes live as long as three hundred years.

As Paul Angle, Lincoln authority, puts it, "Since the death of Lincoln hundreds of memorials to his life and work have been created. Their range is wide—from bronze and



A GROUP OF BOY SCOUTS PLANT ACORNS IN THE NEW LINCOLN MEMORIAL GARDEN

marble statues to the magnificent temple at Washington, from the rebuilt village at New Salem to the tomb at Springfield. But so far as I know, none faintly resembles the Lincoln Memorial Garden. That will be unique. Endowed with life, it can be adapted to changing standards of taste and beauty, and thus it will never become an artistic anachronism. In this respect, as in its conception, it will be almost without rivals."

Acorns for this particular planting had been gathered at historic spots where Lincoln lived, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. Twenty-five other States also contributed acorns. Oak trees, however, are not going to have a monopoly in this living monument. The plan, as designed by Jens Jensen, landscape architect, calls for great lanes of redbud, hawthorn, crabapple, dogwood, and prairie rose, along with groves of maple and other native trees; wild flowers and water lilies will be planted in abundance, too.

The garden is not to be ornate. It is the desire of the Illinois Garden Club (which is sponsoring the project with the endorsement of the National Council of State Garden Clubs) to plant only those native shrubs and trees familiar to Lincoln during his life. That Lincoln was a lover of plant life is proven by this quotation, "Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

That interest in this garden is nation-wide is evinced by the many inquiries received by Mrs. T. J. Knudson who is resident chairman—and to whom Lincoln lovers are grateful for the inspiration of the memorial. Twenty-two States have expressed the desire to sponsor plots in the garden. Each plot will be marked by a bronze plaque.

The garden will not become a solemn, hushed place. Its designers will encourage birds and small native animals to be at home there. Tourists, lodges, churches, and family groups will gather there for recreation, or meditation. For the convenience of these groups, Council Rings are being built at various picturesque spots. These consist of a central fireplace surrounded by stone benches.

"I can almost smell a wiener roast in progress this very minute!" exclaimed a Boy Scout as he planted an acorn gathered beneath a white oak tree in Larue (Hardin) County, Kentucky, where Lincoln was born.

"I'm thinking of a warm summer's evening," mused a Girl Scout, "with the moon's shadow reflected in this four-thousand-acre lake. I can hear the hoot of an owl back there in the timber as we gather to tell stories after the wieners have disappeared."

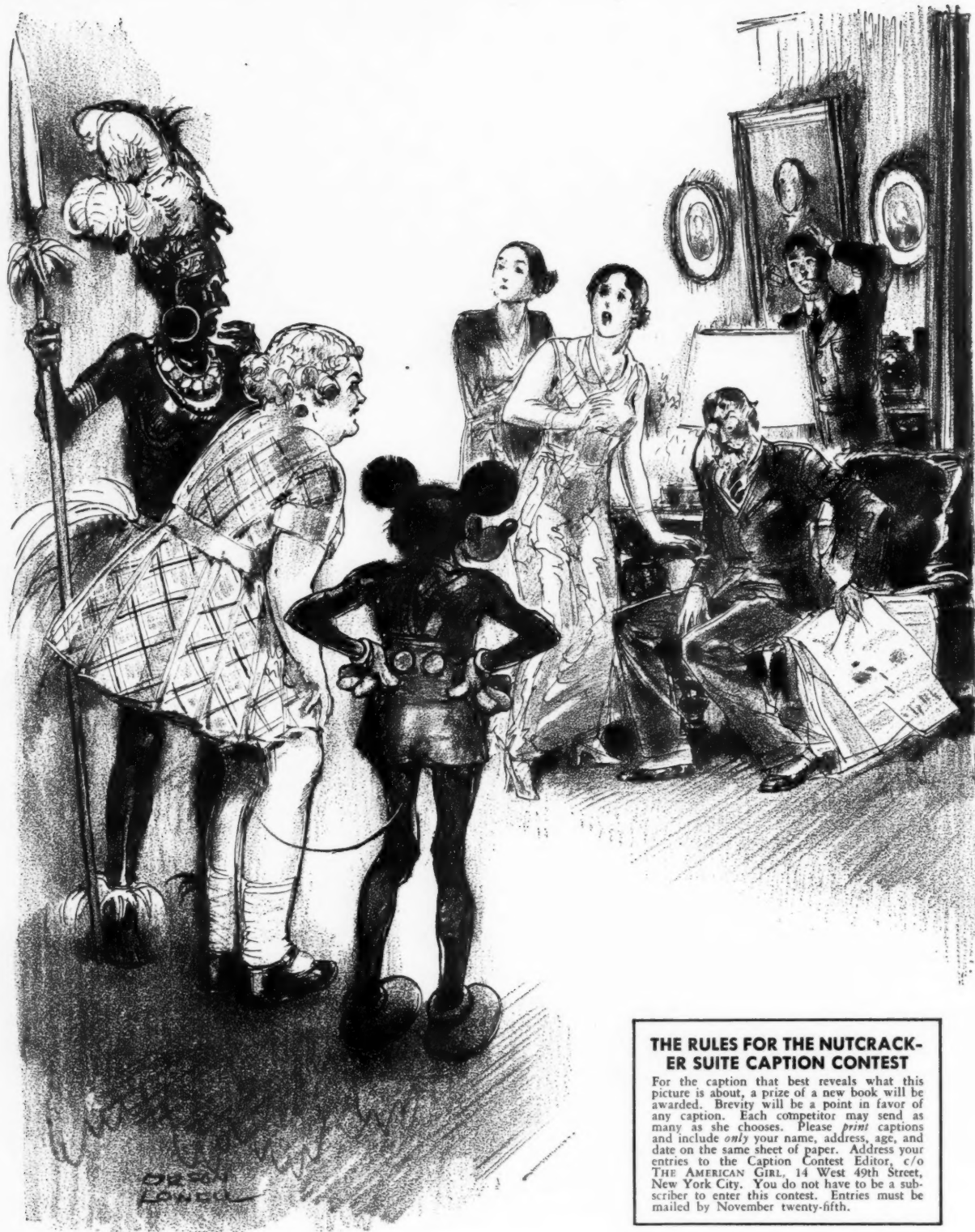
"How big is this park anyhow?" asked another Boy Scout.

"The park as a whole, including bathing beaches and camp sites, covers five thousand acres," volunteered a Scout leader. "There's a seventy mile shore line; fishing and sailing are great sport here, son."

The actual planting of acorns was preceded by a formal open-air program on the site. During this program Girl Scout Peggy Luehrs recited Vachel Lindsay's poem, "On the Building of Springfield," and the reading was followed with an address by Rev. Hudson Pittman who said in part:

"Among all the memorials erected to honor our illustrious citizen this garden is best suited to symbolize the Lincoln qualities and spirit. And what an inspiring memorial it is to be! At last the love of a great people has enshrined the spirit of the immortal Lincoln in its own Elysian fields. Lovers of liberty from all over the world will journey here to walk these paths, to sit beneath these majestic oaks, and to ponder the greatness of the human spirit as revealed in Lincoln."

Matilda Rose McLaren



THE RULES FOR THE NUTCRACKER SUITE CAPTION CONTEST

For the caption that best reveals what this picture is about, a prize of a new book will be awarded. Brevity will be a point in favor of any caption. Each competitor may send as many as she chooses. Please *print* captions and include *only* your name, address, age, and date on the same sheet of paper. Address your entries to the Caption Contest Editor, c/o THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter this contest. Entries must be mailed by November twenty-fifth.

THE NUTCRACKER SUITE, XI —drawn by ORSON LOWELL

For the caption that best reveals what this picture is about, we will give a book as prize.

SUE SAILS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

mother smiling in the deck chair next to her.

"Well, how goes it?" she asked.

Sue hesitated, opened her eyes wide, slid out of her chair, stood up and stretched. "Fine! Wait until I tell the Captain."

Off she went, a little unsteadily at first, and then clambered up the ladder to the bridge.

At dinner that night the Captain asked, "Where's Polly?"

"She didn't feel very well," answered Paul. "Funny, but I'm not a bit hungry myself, either. Guess I'll go up on deck!"

The Captain leaned over and patted Sue on the back. "You win the crow's nest," he laughed. "Meet me on the bridge at ten o'clock to-morrow morning!"

At ten o'clock Sue was there, Paul and Polly looking on rather forlornly as the Captain fastened a rope beneath her arms and explained to her how to climb the rope ladder. Down she went to the deck below with one of the sailors. She had put on her slacks so that her skirts might not catch in the rigging. One sailor went up ahead of her holding the rope, and one behind her lest she fall.

It was the proudest moment of Sue's life as she stood beside the lookout in the crow's nest. Beneath her the great ship swung from side to side, a mere speck on the limitless ocean. She threw her arms wide to the wind and breathed the tangy, salty air.

"Now I know why my ancestors all went to sea," she shouted to the lookout, the wind blowing the words back into her throat.

She stood there a long time watching the gulls as they followed the ship, the shining wake of foam, and, away off at one side, a school of dolphins leaping through the sparkling waves. Once the lookout pointed to the long, green undulating body of a shark, swimming beside the bow. Sue shivered a little. Suddenly on the horizon appeared a speck. The lookout handed her a telescope. There, framed in the circle of the glass, was a great square-rigged vessel, all sails set.

Here the man caught her arm and began to point in the other direction. "Land!" he shouted, and Sue felt as if she were sailing with Christopher Columbus. She leveled her glass again and saw a slender lighthouse, a distant strip of low-lying land, and boats in a faraway harbor.

AT DUSK that night, lights began to prick out along shore and other lights twinkled on passing ships and boats. Paul and Polly and Sue leaned over the rail, watching.

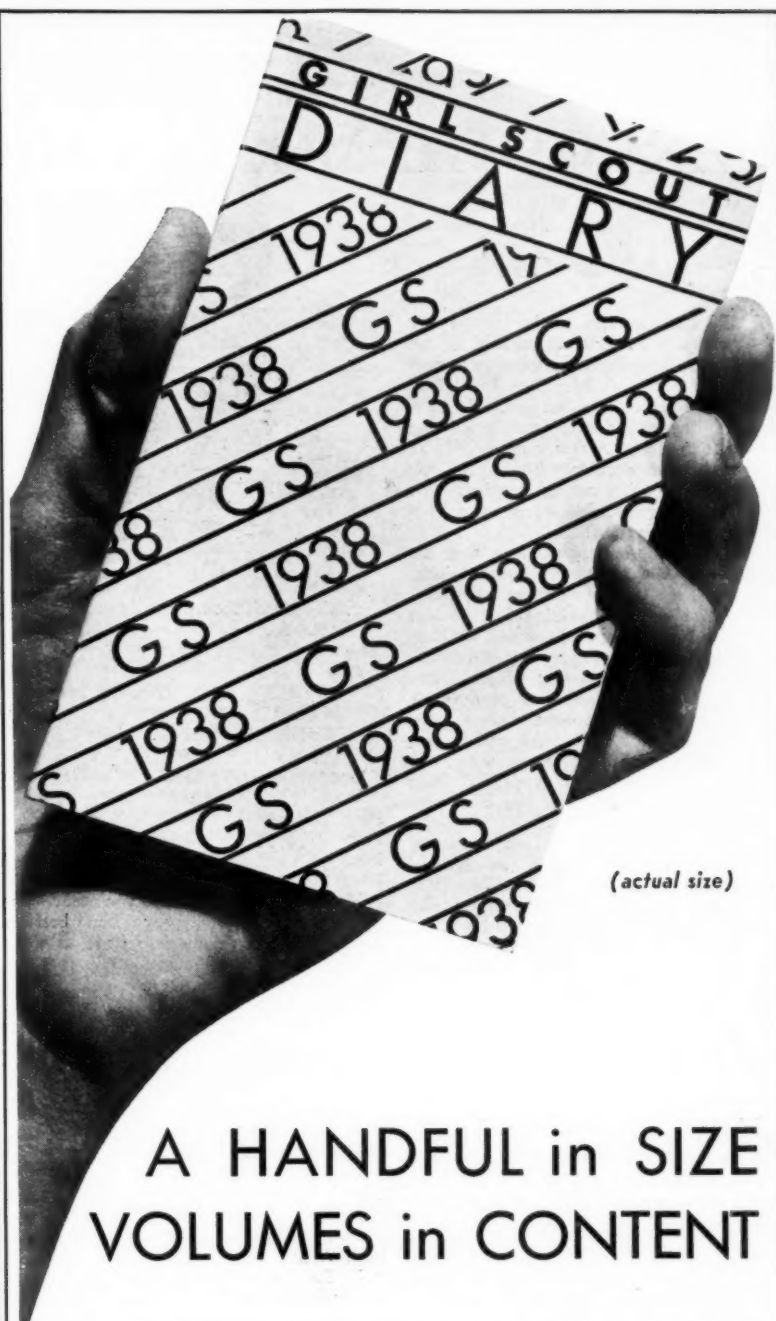
"See that big cluster of lights over there?" asked Paul. "That's Coney Island. And where you see them moving slowly in a high circle, that's the Ferris Wheel."

"There's a lighthouse," announced Polly. "See how the light disappears and then flashes again. Sometimes it's red and sometimes it's blue."

Now they were anchoring in the harbor. "Here comes a little boat right up to us," cried Sue. "I wonder if it's the mail boat, and whether we'll have any letters."

All that evening they danced on the promenade deck, within sight of the lights of New York. And afterward the young people sat around on the top deck, enjoying the last night to the full. Finally they all went below except Sue and Polly and Paul.

The three were (Continued on page 34)



(actual size)

A HANDFUL in SIZE VOLUMES in CONTENT

"Precious gifts come in small packages"—and the 1938 Diary is no exception. Precious bits of Nature information—odd little habits of trees and flowers, peculiarities of birds and beetles, and ever so many other facts about Nature and Nature's creatures.

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Every girl who is learning to cook should study the ways of

MAKING THE MOST OF MEATS

By

JANE CARTER

AGES and ages ago, so the legends tell, a savage hunter crouched over his fire of sticks greedily gnawing the flesh from the bones of an animal he had killed. A noise in the forest startled him. Unthinkingly he dropped his meat near the glowing embers at his feet. A few minutes later an appetizing aroma drew him back to the fire. He sniffed hungrily, rescued his half-eaten food, tasted experimentally—and we've been cooking meat ever since!

Well, that may or may not have been the origin of meat cookery. But what a long, long way it has come since those early days! Instead of a smoky, flickering fire, we use our modern stoves of coal, or gas, or electricity, and choose from an array of convenient pots and pans. Instead of only one way of cooking, we use a number of different methods. And, most important of all, we have learned to select the method that will be best for the kind and cut of meat we have to cook. There is no longer any guesswork in cooking meats; it is easy and sure if you know and follow the rules.

I wish I had the space to tell you something about the different cuts of meat, and how to know and select meats of good quality. But you can find meat charts in many books, and I'm sure your butcher will be glad to give you the information you need if you visit him at a time when he isn't too busy and can take a few minutes off to talk with you and answer your questions.

If you look through the pages of your cookbooks, you can find whole chapters of interesting meat recipes. But each is based on one of the six basic ways of cooking meats—roasting, broiling, pan broiling, braising, stewing, or cooking in water. To make it easy for you to choose and use the right method, I've put each one into a simple, step-by-step outline.

Roasting

SELECT Tender cuts
Beef—ribs, sirloin tip, tenderloin, rump
Pork—loin, tenderloin, shoulder, ham
Lamb—leg, rack, loin, shoulder
Veal—loin, rack, leg, shoulder

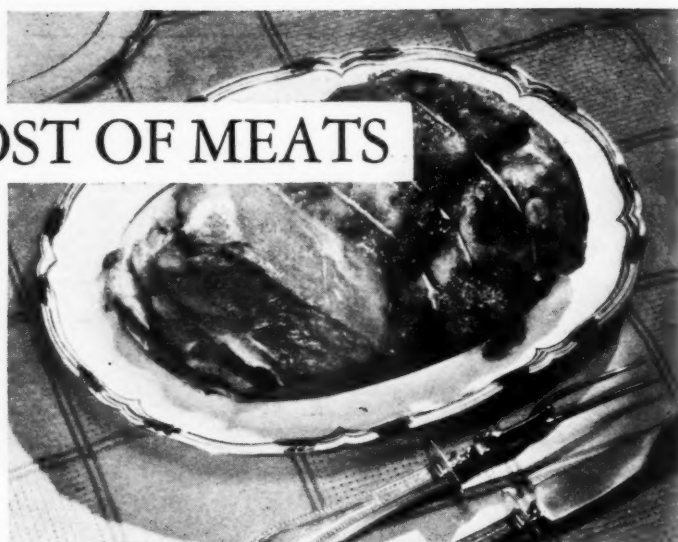
USE

A roasting pan with not-too-high sides; *no cover*. In the bottom of the pan, place a rack. Some roasting pans have a special rack to fit the pan, but a wire cake rack is a good substitute.

DO THIS

1. Season meat with salt and pepper.
2. Place meat on the rack in the pan with the fattest side up. If you are cooking a standing rib roast of beef, you don't need the rack—the bones make one for you.
3. Do not add any water and do not cover the meat.
4. Roast in a *slow* oven (300°–350° F.). No basting (spooning the meat juices over meat) is necessary.

ROAST
BEEF
FIT FOR
A
KING



5. Cook until the meat is done. This will take, for

Beef	
Ribs	
Rare	18-20 minutes per pound
Medium	22-25 " " "
Well-done	27-30 " " "
Sirloin tip	25-30 " " "
Tenderloin	15-18 " " "
Rump	30-35 " " "
Pork (All roasts)	30-35 " " "
Lamb (" ")	30-35 " " "
Veal (" ")	25-30 " " "

How do you figure the time you need? Suppose you want to serve a four pound beef rib roast, cooked to the medium stage, at a six o'clock dinner. The time-table says to allow at the most 25 minutes for each pound. Four times 25 are 100 minutes, or one hour and 40 minutes, so count back one hour and 40 minutes from six o'clock—and your meat should go into the oven around twenty minutes after four.

Experts who want to take *all* the guesswork out of roasting meat, use a meat thermometer. They simply insert it into the meat so it isn't too near the bone, and when the cooking time they've calculated is about up, look at the thermometer. It's marked to the different degrees of doneness for beef, pork, lamb, and veal. When the mercury reaches the right point for the meat they're cooking, these experts pop the roast out of the oven, and serve it with the confidence that it's "done to a turn."

Broiling

SELECT Tender cuts
Beef—loin or rib steaks, top round, tenderloin
Pork—bacon, smoked ham, loin chops
Lamb—loin, rib, or shoulder chops; leg steaks
Veal—(Broiling not used for veal)

USE

The broiling oven in your stove. A wire grill over your camp fire will do the same trick.

DO THIS

1. Preheat the broiling oven thoroughly.
2. Place meat on broiling rack. Insert rack so top surface of meat is three inches below the source of heat. If the dis-

tance is less than three inches, reduce the temperature.

3. Keep the oven door open.
4. Broil on one side until meat is nicely browned (it is then about half done), turn, and finish broiling.
5. Cook until the meat is done. This will take, if your broiler is very hot, (500°F.), for

Beef	
Steaks	
1-inch thick	12-15 minutes
1½-2-inches thick	30-35 "

Pork

Ham	
thin	10 minutes
½ inch thick	20 "
1 inch thick	30 "
Bacon	3-5 "

Lamb

Chops	
¾ inch thick	10-12 "
1½-2 inches thick	25-30 "
Steaks	15-25 "

Pan Broiling

SELECT Tender Cuts
(The same cuts may be cooked either by pan broiling or by broiling.)

USE

A heavy iron frying pan.

DO THIS

1. Heat the frying pan until it is sizzling hot.
2. Place meat in hot pan.
3. Do not add fat or water; do not cover the pan.
4. Brown meat on both sides.
5. Reduce the temperature and cook until meat is done, turning it frequently. The cooking time is about the same as for oven broiling.
6. Pour off the fat as it accumulates.
7. Season with salt and pepper. Serve on hot platter.

Braising

SELECT Less tender, cheaper cuts
Beef—chuck, neck, short ribs, brisket
Pork—shoulder steak, chops, tenderloin
Lamb—neck slices, shoulder, breast, shank
Veal—shoulder, breast, neck, flank

(Braising is used for pot roasts, Swiss steaks, fricassees, and braised steaks and chops. It means browning first, and then cooking slowly in a small amount of water. Meat is sometimes braised by browning it first and then putting it into a casserole, adding liquid, and baking it, covered, in a slow oven.)

USE

A deep, heavy kettle with a closely fitting lid. With pot roasts, a rack in the bottom of the kettle will help to keep the meat from sticking.

DO THIS

1. Season meat with salt and pepper, dredge with flour.
2. Brown meat on all sides in hot fat.
3. Add a small amount of liquid.
4. Cover kettle closely.
5. Cook meat slowly until it is tender. This will take about 40 minutes per pound for pot roast; less time for thinner cuts.

Stewing

SELECT

The cheaper, less tender cuts

- Beef—flank, neck, plate, brisket, shank
Pork—(seldom used for stewing)
Lamb—breast, neck, shoulder
Veal—shank, neck, breast, shoulder

USE

A deep kettle with a closely fitting lid.

DO THIS

1. Cut meat into 2-inch cubes.
2. Season with salt and pepper.
3. If desired, brown meat on all sides in hot fat.
4. Cover meat with boiling water.
5. Cover kettle tightly.
6. Cook slowly until meat is done. Allow about 2 to 2½ hours. *Do not let the water boil.*
7. Add vegetables just long enough before serving so they will be done.

Cooking in Water

SELECT

The cheaper, less tender cuts

- Beef—shank, neck, plate, brisket, corned beef
Pork—spareribs, hocks, ham, ham shank
Lamb—(not cooked by this method)
Veal—(not cooked by this method)

USE

A deep kettle with close-fitting lid.

DO THIS

1. Cover meat with boiling water.
2. Season with salt and pepper. Hams will not need salting.
3. Cover kettle. Cook meat slowly until tender. The water should only simmer—not boil.
4. Vegetables may be added as in stews.

And now that you've mastered these fundamental meat methods, you can walk right up to any meat recipe you meet, look it over with a critical eye and say, "Oh, I know you! You're nothing but braising! Or stewing!" and go ahead with perfect confidence. So here are some recipes that are favorites of mine for you to practice on, recipes you can make up and serve to your family any time, or at camp next summer. I hope you'll like them!

Hamburg Milanaise

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 pound chopped steak | ½ cup grated American cheese |
| 1 cup finely sliced onions | 1¼ teaspoons salt |
| 4 tablespoons butter | ½ teaspoon pepper |
| 1⅓ cup sliced celery | 1 cup broken spaghetti, cooked |
| 2½ cups canned tomatoes | |

Sauté chopped steak and onion in butter. Add celery and tomatoes and cook 5 minutes; add cheese and seasonings. Mix half of the sauce with hot spaghetti; turn out on hot platter. Pour remaining sauce over spaghetti; garnish with cheese and sliced stuffed olives. Serves 6 to 8.

Fricassee of Beef

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 pound stewing beef, cut in cubes | 1½ teaspoons salt |
| 2 tablespoons butter, or other fat | Dash of pepper |
| 4½ cups boiling water | 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento |
| 1 cup diced carrots | 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper |
| 1 cup small white onions | 1 cup milk |
| | 4 tablespoons flour |

Brown beef in fat. Add water, cover, and simmer 1½ hours, or until meat is nearly tender. Add carrots, onions, salt and pepper, and cook 20 minutes longer, or until vegetables are done. Add pimiento and green pepper. Add small amount of milk gradually to flour, mixing to a smooth paste. Add remaining milk to stew; then add flour-milk mixture, stirring vigorously, and cook 5 minutes longer, or until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Serve on toast. Serves 6.

Lamb en Casserole

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1 pound breast of lamb, cut in small pieces | 1 cup diced potatoes |
| ½ cup sliced onion | 2 cups canned tomatoes |
| 1 tablespoon butter | 1½ teaspoons salt |
| 1 cup boiling water | ¾ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 cup diced carrots | 3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca |

Brown lamb and onion in butter; add water; then place in casserole. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 1 hour, or until meat is tender. Add remaining vegetables and seasonings; cover, and continue baking 30 minutes, or until vegetables are tender. Sprinkle tapioca over top and mix carefully; bake 5 minutes longer. Serves 6.

Roast Beef Pie

(Using cooked meat)

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| ½ cup diced onions | 1½ teaspoons salt |
| 1 cup diced carrots | ½ teaspoon black pepper |

- | | |
|---|--|
| 4 cups hot beef stock and water, or 4 cups hot water and 2 bouillon cubes | 3 cups diced roast beef |
| 3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca | 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce |
| | 10 to 12 unbaked baking powder biscuits, rolled ¼ inch thick |

Cook onions and carrots in water and stock 20 minutes, or until tender. Combine tapioca, salt, pepper, and meat; add gradually to stock mixture, bring to a brisk boil over direct heat and boil 1 minute, stirring constantly. Turn into greased baking dish; add Worcestershire sauce and cover with baking powder biscuits. Place in hot oven (450°F.) and bake 12 to 15 minutes, or until biscuits are browned. Serves 6 to 8.

Smothered Pork Chops

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 6 pork chops, 1 inch thick | 3 tablespoons flour |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 2 cups hot water |
| ¼ teaspoon sage | 1 tablespoon vinegar |
| 3 tart red apples, cored | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 4 tablespoons brown sugar | 1⅓ cup raisins |

Sprinkle chops with salt and sage. Sear slowly in hot skillet, turning to brown both sides. Place in large baking dish. Slice apples in 1/3 inch rings. Arrange on chops and sprinkle with brown sugar. Add flour to fat in skillet and cook until brown, stirring constantly. Add water and stir until mixture boils. Then add vinegar, salt, raisins. Pour this sauce over chops and apples. Cover and bake in hot oven (400°F.) 30 minutes, or until apples are tender. Serves 6.

Veal Supreme

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 1 veal cutlet (1¼ pounds), 1 inch thick | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| 4 tablespoons flour | 4 tablespoons melted veal fat |
| Dash of paprika | 1½ cups onions, thinly sliced |
| 1 teaspoon salt | ¾ cup sour cream |

Dredge cutlet with mixture of flour, paprika, salt, and pepper, covering meat well. Melt fat in skillet, add onions, and sauté until delicately brown. Remove onions from skillet and add cutlet. Sauté carefully, turning meat to brown both sides. Place onions on cutlet and pour on sour cream. Cover skillet tightly and simmer gently 1 hour, or until meat is tender, lifting meat occasionally to allow cream to flow under and prevent its sticking. Serves 6.

Savory Baked Ham

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 slice ham, 1½ inches thick | 8 whole cloves |
| | ½ cup maple-flavored syrup |

Trim rind from ham. Stick cloves in fat. Place ham in greased baking dish and pour syrup over it. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 50 to 60 minutes. Baste frequently during the baking. Serves 6. Sweet potatoes may be placed around ham and baked with it.

PLUS THE INFANTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

organdie, if you'll get it out. We've got to hurry. Hugo said to tell you not to be more than an hour late."

"Oh, he did, did he?" With great deliberation Sylvia laid out her manicure set on the dressing table.

In spite of her elaborate toilette, however, Sylvia managed to be only five minutes late after all. The boys were even later. The two girls had stood a long five minutes just inside the revolving doors of the lobby—long minutes to Julie, self-conscious for many reasons. The stares of the passers-by moved mistily across her vision, her face felt curiously bare without hat, or glasses, to shield her. She

was relieved when she recognized the voice she had heard earlier on the phone.

"Hi, Sylvia!"

"Well! At last, Hugo!"

"Are we late?"

"Late? You ask that after sending me such a message! If you must know, we came an hour early instead."

"Just to get me all confused," laughed Hugo. He turned toward Julie. "We met on the phone this afternoon, I believe."

"Oh, excuse me!" exclaimed Sylvia. "This is Julie Goodheart, Hugo Leonard."

"I was beginning to suspect as much." Julie dimpled at him and felt her palm taken

in a warm, quick handclasp. "Didn't your cousin come?"

"Sure. He's outside. He'll be in with—he'll be in, in a moment. He's paying a fabulous taxi fare—all the way from the Del Prado, you know. But that's all right. Charlie's rotten with dough to-night because—well, the head counselor gave us a roll for expenses." Hugo was covering some untoward happening with swift, nervous chatter. "Ah, here he is himself."

The revolving door swished an eddy of air about their ankles, and another, and still another. Julie thought for a moment that cousin Charlie was caught in the thing and going

'round and 'round, but the entrance was suddenly alive with small boys' voices.

"Lo, Hugo."

"Lo, Hugo."

"Lo, Hugo."

"Is this where we eat?"

"Why didn't you wait for us?"

"Are you all here?" demanded Hugo above the babel.

"Let's see," came a placid voice from the upper atmosphere. "Two, four—where're Joe and Henny Simpson?"

"They're still outside; they just—"

The revolving door swirled and two more small boys were added to the congregation.

"Hugo!" cried Sylvia. "What *is* this? A kindergarten?"

"Now, don't insult us! Nothing younger than the third grade—and brave campers all—at least, they will be to-morrow night if we get 'em up to camp safe. Hey, come here, Tommy! Those palms are for decoration and not to be shaken either before or *after* taking."

The lobby echoed with appreciative laughter.

"Y'all better be quiet now," came the same slow drawl from above Julie's head, and there was momentary peace.

"How many are there?" she asked, shaking with inward mirth.

"Only twelve."

"Now, Hugo! Honestly, this is too much!" Sylvia couldn't keep the irritation out of her voice.

"Aw, gee, Sylvia, be a sport about it. The head counselor had to go up to camp to-night, and no one was near enough to Chicago, except Charlie and me, to come in and take care of 'em for this one evening. They couldn't go along with him 'cause the tents weren't up." Hugo kept on in desperation under Sylvia's stony silence. "We've got to leave to-morrow and I'd have no other chance to see you if we didn't go out to-night. I didn't know until it was too late to call you." He turned to say to his cousin, "Hey, let the brat go down the steps if he wants to. You haven't met the girls yet."

"You can just wait now, Tommy, till we all come along down there, too!" Tommy wavered at this challenge to his superior judgment and then raced back up the steps, but the broad shoulders of his admonisher were turned abruptly on his spoiled-child whim.

Hugo was saying, "My cousin, Charlie Leonard, who's going to be swimming instructor at camp this summer—in contrast to me, a mere teacher of shop and designer of elegant and useless birdhouses." He turned to his cousin. "This is Julianna Goodheart—better known as Julie, I believe. And this is Sylvia Linton—red-headed like yourself."

"I'm *not* red-headed!" Sylvia cried, contradicting her words by her tone so that the other three laughed, to her obvious discomfort.

"Aren't you going to introduce us to the

gang?" asked Julie, to cover Sylvia's pique.

"Sure thing," drawled Charlie. "Come here, gang!" The small boys crowded around to be introduced, the older ones shaking hands gravely, the smaller ones squirming and getting it over quickly.

Tommy clasped his hands behind him in defiance. "Why do I have to?" he demanded.

"'Cause it's polite," explained Joe Simpson from the superiority of being four years older.

"Well, I won't!"

"That's that," remarked Julie, but no one else paid any attention to him, to his dismay, and he suddenly slipped his hot, pudgy hand into Julie's. She looked down at the vague blur which was his upturned face and gave his hand a squeeze.

"Let's eat," said Hugo. "Now, now! Quiet, please!"

With a suppressed whoop they descended in a swirl of small boys to the Terrace Room. Charlie took Julie's arm, the one opposite the clinging of Tommy. "You don't seem to mind being house-mother for the evening," he said gratefully into her ear.

"I'm afraid I think it's fun," Julie confessed. "How'll you find a table big enough?"

"We figured it out in the taxi. Six of 'em sit with you and me; the others with Sylvia and Hugo. They're good kids, just a little rambunctious."

Sylvia lingered halfway down the stairs until they caught up with her. "Hugo and his little brood are choosing tables. I can't think *what* possessed you two! If I'd known—"

"This date'll be historic," Julie put her hand on her friend's arm, but Sylvia jerked it away.

"Historic! A date to remember!" Sylvia spoke wryly. "I'll be reminiscing for years, 'Oh, yes, that was in the dull days before I went out with twelve small boys at once!'"

"Well, now, I think we'll have a right nice time," Charlie tried to reassure her.

"I'm so thrilled I just can't wait," retorted Sylvia grimly as they went on down the series of steps to the lower levels of the Terrace Room.

Julie had never imagined anything quite so gay and exciting; she could barely see the shining circular dance floor and the orchestra at the far end of it, but she could hear the lively dance tune and her feet ached to keep time. The pink lamps on each table threw into sharp relief the white cloths below and the faces of the diners above. The black-coated waiters moved skillfully up and down the terraces with great trays of food balanced nonchalantly on their outspread palms. But as she moved downstairs, she found herself so distressed by the inequalities of the way that she clung tighter and tighter to Charlie Leonard's arm.

"Say, are you scared, or something?" Charlie stopped to eye her curiously as they reached the level where two waiters were pushing tables together for their six charges.

"I—no. I always have trouble on stairs."

"I see." Only he didn't, exactly. Julie thought, "I ought to tell him," but in the confusion of getting seated she had no chance. The younger boys were put at their table, Tommy between them at the end. "You can glare at him and subdue him," Charlie said.

"Tommy undoubtedly is unsubduable," Julie replied. "Aren't you, Tommy?"

"I guess so," agreed Tommy complacently. "What's this?" He was staring at the huge printed card the waiter had put into his hands.

"The menu," Julie explained, staring at it herself and wondering how one picked from such a vast array of dishes, even if one could see to read. She couldn't help but admire the ease with which Charlie ordered six dinners for the six boys, stilling their clamors without too much talk and making them take what they should have with quiet decision. He offered them one generous bribe. "Eat everything, and you'll get ice cream."

"Chocolate for me, Charlie."

"I want orange ice."

"Vanilla! Vanilla!"

"Not yet, boobs! Later!" He spoke to Julie over Tommy's head. "Better decide quickly while the animals are quiet."

"Well—I don't know. Why don't you order for me, too?"

"Does a steak sizzling with onions listen good to you?"

"All but the onions."

"Mushrooms, then?"

"Ye—es." She'd never eaten mushrooms.

"Perhaps you'd like it plain."

Then she confessed. "I don't know what mushrooms taste like. Are they good?"

"You might like 'em, and again you might not. Want to try?"

"To-night, I'd try anything," Julie laughed recklessly.

"Okay. Waiter, bring us two steaks with broiled mushrooms, French fried potatoes, and spinach—as an example to the kids. All right with you?"

"Yes. But your onions?"

"I never eat onions unless my girl does, too." They giggled together over that.

As the waiter vanished with their order, the orchestra, which had been silent, blared into action. Pushed-back chairs squealed on the marble floor and the feet of dancing couples shuffled lightly in time to the tune.

"Dance?" asked Charlie.

"I'm afraid not."

"Don't you really?"

"Well, I never have in a place like this."

"You're the most disarmingly honest gal I've ever met. Come on, I'm big and I'll protect you." As they rose he turned to the youngsters. "You behave now. No monkey-shines or horseplay."

Julie hadn't realized until they moved across the satin-smooth (Continued on page 44)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

SUE SAILS

very quiet. "It's funny," Sue said at last, "at first I was just crazy to get home and see all my friends and go back to an American school. And then," she hesitated as if it were hard to say what she wanted to say, "then, the more I thought about it, the more I didn't want to leave all the loveliness I had found in Europe. It sounds silly, but New York, as I remember it, is so ugly and colorless, and Europe is so full of beauty."

"Me, too," said Paul, a little huskily.

"There are lots of things in Europe that I'll never forget, but I'll never be able to mention them to the other fellows. They'd think I was high-hatting them."

Polly suddenly put her hand over her heart. "But the important thing is that we'll always have them right here, and nobody can ever take them away from us, even by laughing."

The next morning they were out on deck bright and early. Important-looking little boats were fussing around them, putting offi-

cials with badges on board. Then the great ship weighed anchor, and started on its way up the bay. They passed Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty with the early sun shining on her upraised hand.

Suddenly Sue clutched Paul and Polly, who were leaning over the rail, one on each side of her. "Look," she cried. There, silhouetted against the sunrise, was the sky line of New York, its great towers rising palely from the mists of the river. "It *is* beautiful, after all, and I was so afraid it wouldn't be," she breathed. "I'm so glad I'm coming home!"

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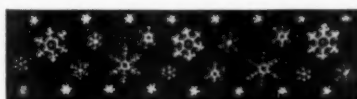
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Shopping Sleuth

BY ANNA COYLE

Making Christmas gifts is going to be lots of fun this year. Imported and domestic hand-made gifts are setting a gay and colorful trend. Here are just a few ideas for gifts your Shopping Sleuth has chosen for you.

**Get Out Your Yarns**

For girls in their teens, make bright-hued Tyrolean mittens and scarf in double crochet stitch running lengthwise. Embroider them with gay mountain flowers. Crochet a *calot* to match in a close single stitch, with an elastic inside band to hold it snug.

Yarn-made needlepoint gifts are treasured for life. A bonnet-and-belt sports ensemble in a new snowflake design is stunning—or pillows in Betsy Ross and George Washington motifs, designed by an authority.

Raffia Gifts for Mother

For Mother, or a dear aunt, make raffia hand-crocheted place-mats and centerpiece in natural color, bordered with four bright contrasting colors. Coasters and circular mats of reed, wound with raffia, are smart in vivid Mexican colors. Or you may make a shopping bag by joining two circular mats and attaching handles. Raffia, with directions for making these gifts, is offered in cellophane packages.

A Leather Belt for Dad

For Dad, or Big Brother, make a belt. Your Shopping Sleuth discovered grand sturdy ones in packages with all the materials and directions for making, at an attractive price. One style is five-strand braided and may be had in brown, black, or natural. The other is a new link style, fastened with rings instead of a buckle, and comes in white, brown, or black. Girls who wear sport clothes are going in for these belts in a big way, also.

**Carved Wood Gifts**

Carved wood gifts have universal appeal. Buttons, costume accessories, chess boards, paper knives, boxes, and book ends make distinctive gifts. These are either stained, or colored with special crayons. A clever belt is made of wooden buttons strung on a chain-stitch of yarn in two colors, ending in a bow tie and finished with yarn tassels.

Shopping List

Write to-day for a shopping list, telling where the articles mentioned here, and directions for making, may be obtained. A stamped, self-addressed envelope must be sent with your request to Shopping Sleuth, The American Girl, 14 W. 49th St., N. Y. C.

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THE MAGIC of BOOK BINDING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

There you are. I was magicked. Just exactly the same as when the magician in the fairy tale said, "You are now changed into a spotted deer."

From that moment I was changed "in the twinkling of an eye" into a bookbinder and never since that time has the world been dull or uninteresting.

I had often wondered what that person in the fairy tale did when he was changed into a spotted deer. I know now that he immediately began to hunt for spotted deer food and spotted deer haunts and spotted deer companions. The reason I know is because that is exactly what I did when I was turned into a bookbinder. I began at once to hunt for hand-bound books, to find out all I could about the origin of books, about bookbinders, about bookbinding, and about making books.

The first book I made wasn't so very good, but I had such a good time making it that I am going to tell you how I went about it, step by step—hoping that you also will fare forth on an adventurous bookbinding journey of learning by doing.

I first found several good books of instruction, *Book Binding for Schools* by Hewitt-Bates, *Book Binding Made Easy* by Lee M. Klinefelter, *Book-Binding and the Care of Books* by Cockerell, and *Handbound Books* by Clara Buffum. After carefully reading these I decided to make a notebook for my first effort.

As good craftsmen and good cooks always do, I assembled all my materials—cooks say ingredients—before I began work, and found a roomy work table where I could "spread out."

The materials for this beginning book were neither difficult to find, nor expensive. They were:

twenty-four sheets of typewriter paper for filler—eight and one-half inches by eleven inches; one sheet of colored paper for end papers—the same size; two pieces of cardboard for backs—six inches by four and three quarter inches; cloth for covers; string; linen thread—number eighteen; needle; glue; sharp knife; ruler; two newspapers; brush to apply glue

I found that a book is made up of sections, or piles. Each section, consisting of a certain number of folded sheets of paper, is known as a signature.

We have often heard books spoken of as folios, octavos, or quartos—this means the number of leaves into which the filler paper is folded. Each leaf has two sides known as pages—therefore a sheet of paper folded over once has two leaves, four pages, and is known as a folio. Fold a folio and we have a quarto, consisting of four leaves and eight pages. Fold the quarto and we have an octavo, or eight leaves and sixteen pages.

Our first step then is to fold our filler paper into quartos. Our book is to open

from the side so we fold our paper by putting the top and bottom of the sheet carefully together, then making the next fold side to side. The size of the folded sheet is now five and one-half inches by four and one-fourth inch. When the twenty-four white sheets are folded, fold the colored sheet in the same way and, with the knife, cut the lower fold, leaving two pieces of two leaves. These are to be our end papers.

We next want to make six signatures, each containing four quartos. To make a signature we fit the four quartos one inside the other, the folded sides together. We then pile the six signatures neatly one on top of the other, folded sides together, with an end paper on either side of the pile.

The next step is sewing. With a ruler—never trust the eye in bookbinding, always be exact in measurements—divide the length of the book, five and one-half inches, into four equal parts. This will make each division one and three-eighths inches long. With a pencil, mark these divisions on the *folded edges* of the piled signatures and end papers. This will give three markings to indicate where the sewing is to be done.

Now cut three pieces of cord about four inches in length. The cord should be soft cotton twine that will ravel easily.

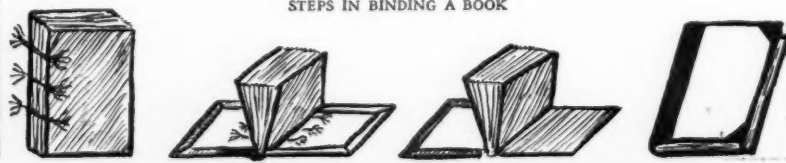
Each signature and end paper is now to be sewed to the three pieces of cord at the points marked. This gives strength and flexibility to the book and has been the method used by bookbinders for five hundred years.

Thread the needle and, with the thread doubled, tie it around the first string. Sew down through the first mark on the fold of the top end sheet. Your needle should come out on the inside of the fold. Bring the needle out through the second or middle marking, and make a buttonhole stitch around the second piece of cord. Put the needle down into the same middle marking, bring it up through the third marking and make a buttonhole stitch around the third cord. This time, insert the needle into the third marking of the top signature, sewing to the inside of the fold through all four sheets; bring the needle back through the center marking, around the second cord, and repeat the process until all six signatures and two end papers are sewed firmly and closely to the cords, then tie and cut the thread. Ravel the cords out on each side until they will spread out fanwise, then lay this part of the book aside while making the covers.

Cloth, leather, vellum, or paper may be used to cover the book. I used tan burlap for my cover which I cut one-half inch larger than the boards on the top, bottom, and front edges, and one-half inch shorter on the back. Measuring three-quarters of an inch back from each of the four outside corners, measure triangles across and cut the cover material, allowing one-quarter of an inch to lap under the corner pieces.

These corner pieces as well as a strip for the back—two inches wide and six and one-

STEPS IN BINDING A BOOK



fourth inches long were cut from material of contrasting color. I used brown linen.

The next step is gluing. For this purpose, animal glue in powdered, flake, or sheet form is by far the best. It can be obtained by the pound at any hardware store. Soak it in cold water for a couple of hours, then melt it in a double boiler. Mix small quantities at a time as it will not keep. If gluing leather, do not have the glue too hot as heat shrivels leather. Glue must always be warm, however, as it gets stringy and brittle when cool.

Lay the covers on the newspapers, apply the glue with a brush, evenly and not too generously—lay the boards on the glued surface and pull the edges over the boards smoothly and evenly. Next glue on the corners, measuring and marking carefully—they must match exactly. Mitre the corners neatly. In the books of instruction, you will find several different methods of turning over corners. No raw edges must be in evidence in any part of the book cover. Change the newspaper often in order to glue each piece on a fresh surface and avoid spotting the cover material.

Now lay the narrow strip face down, apply glue, and lay the covers on the strip, allowing just enough space between the covers to allow for the width of the sewed edge of the filler. Turn down the edges at the top and bottom of the strip.

The last step is gluing the book to the covers. Hold the filler upright, the sewed edges against the strip between the covers. Spread the frayed ends of the cords out against the covers—apply glue to one cover, gluing over the cords, spreading them out in the glue. Then separate the folded leaves of the nearest end paper, and glue the outside leaf smoothly down on the cover. Do the same on the opposite cover and your book is finished.

Place the book under a heavy weight until dry and you will be ready to try again. In binding magazines, use this same method, considering each issue as a signature.

If the finished book is considered as a first step only and an enthusiasm is aroused to know more about bookbinding, then—and then only—the little notebook serves its purpose. In the words of Blaise Pascal we can say, "The last thing that we find in making a book is to know what we must put first." A good lesson to learn in any craft.

STUFFED SHIRT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

father and thought this straw ride the cutest idea. Perhaps she had even accompanied him on one like it in her youth.

Quentin slid to the sidewalk and handed Midge to the driver who tossed her up on the hay.

"I'm sure you'll all have a lovely time," Miss McGill said wistfully.

"You wouldn't want to clinch it, Miss McGill, by changing your mind and giving Midge an hour's dispensation?" coaxed Tin.

The request was loudly championed by the others and, after serious deliberation, Miss McGill nodded her consent.

"Thanks a million!" Quentin flashed her a smile like his (Continued on page 39)

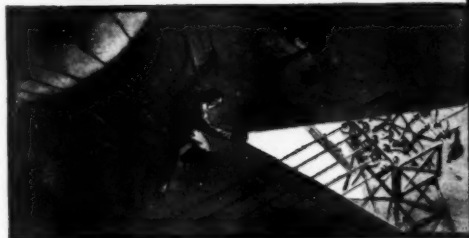
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my horror, the balloon was going to set me none too gently down in a nest of hot, high-

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tension wires!

"I've sidetracked by these death-dealing wires with a 'chute many a time... but just imagine steering a lollypop big dying balloon by pulling on the shrouds. But I pulled with everything I had while the crowd waited for an aerial execution... and because those faithful, fresh DATED 'Eveready' batteries were on the job, and showed methewires in time, I slid by certain death by inches! Without light the instant I needed it, that crowd would have got more than its money's worth. (Signed)

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STUFFED SHIRT

father's and, springing from the hub to the wheel, he leaped into the hay beside Midge.

With a jolt and a lunge they were off!

They sat in two rows facing one another, almost buried in the fragrant hay and covered with yellow horse blankets, cozy as feathered birds in a nest. Quentin introduced his class, running over their first names and ending with the driver.

"That, of course, is farmer Bill."

The farmer flourished his whip in acknowledgment and called, "Giddap!" to the horses, whereupon the boys all laughed at him and said he should say, "Giddap!"

It was just as well Adele had not come, for the great Cue had evidently changed his mind and she would have despised these classmates who looked even younger than good old dependable Tin.

"The Governor'll ask if we sang any of the ancient songs," Quentin warned them, whereupon they all bellowed *Seeing Nellie Home* with lusty enthusiasm, clinging to *home-e-e-e* and running up and down the scales like alley cats.

When that had been murdered, the farmer, in a rich baritone, started them off on *Annie Laurie*, after which, for some time, they vied with one another thinking up yesteryear's favorites: *Swanee River*, *Carry Me Back to Old Virginia!* and *Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes!* Gradually, however, they crept back to their own era and filled the night air with *San Francisco* and *Would You?*

A few miles from town they struck a dirt road and the metallic clatter softened into a pleasant *clumity-clump*. Darkness settled down, stars hung so close they might have been dangling on strings.

Finally, throat weary, they abandoned all song and Quentin taught them old games, "Buzz," "Teapot," and a spelling game where you were a ghost and no one could speak to you if you failed to add a letter to the word passed on to you. Midge was glad to be a ghost and to lie back in the hay, watching an enormous moon float slowly up from behind the trees and turn the world into black velvet and tin foil.

"Do you suppose the moon is often as beautiful as this?" she asked Tin, suddenly saddened by the thought of all the moons she had missed in the last fifteen years.

BUT you can't be hungry, Adele," objected Dizzy. It was as near a complaint as she had ever voiced to her idol. She hadn't wanted to be yanked out of the feature movie before she knew, for a fact, that the plain younger sister really married the handsome minister.

"Not so much hungry as faint," explained Adele.

"Even so, with your tea at five and dinner at six-thirty, I don't see—"

"I never eat anything at my own teas. Anything much," Adele amended. "And I'm too nervously exhausted to eat any real dinner. It takes it out of you, Dizzy, to entertain correctly."

"Yes, I suppose so," admitted Dizzy. "But you always said you thought the Bean-wagon was common."

"In an emergency one can't be fussy," Adele hurried past the drugstore with its advertised sandwiches and turned toward the station where, from that distance, the windows of the lunch-wagon shone out like a luminous yellow caterpillar. Recently this

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

humble, short-order stand had become the town's social rendezvous and few evening entertainments were complete without a snack at the marble counter. At this early hour, however, the stools were empty save for a couple of train conductors.

Instead of seeking immediate nourishment, Adele peered at the bold-faced station clock and saw it was not yet nine.

"I'm sure I've been losing weight," she sighed and, digging a cent out of her purse, she went into the dim station and tested the scales, only to discover them much overweight.

"If you're not going to eat, we might as well have stayed at the movies," Dizzy lamented, not without justification.

"Eat? Of course I'm going to eat. Come on."

Accompanied by her faithful companion, Adele slowly crossed the parking space to the black-and-yellow lunch-wagon bordered with scrub pines growing in green tubs.

Joe, the proprietor, an Italian with a walrus mustache, was buttering a trayful of rolls.

"Good evening, Miss Conway College!" He called all the girls that, even the freshmen at Duncan Hall. "What's the big order to-night?"

"What's your big order, Joe?" Adele waved toward the gaping rolls.

"Oh, them—expectin' a crowd of kids any minute. Goin' on a straw ride, they says."

"Why, Adele, it must be Midge's party!" exclaimed Dizzy, pushing up her spectacles.

"There couldn't be two such crazy parties," conceded Adele, studying the menu on the wall. After long and careful deliberation she ordered pancakes and country sausages.

"Cook the sausages slowly, Joe—I like them well done. I suppose you want the same thing, Dizzy?"

Dizzy nodded.

She broke a long silence by pointing to the clock. "Look, Adele, it's almost half-past nine. Won't Midge be late?"

"That's just what I'm thinking." The older sister cocked a listening ear.

Fifteen minutes later, when Joe completed their order by pushing over two pitchers of syrup, there was still no sign of the revelers.

"I'm really surprised at Midge—she's always been such a conscientious little thing." Adele never could remember that her sister was taller than she was, by two inches.

Another fifteen minutes passed and they were sopping up the last of their syrup when a confusion of voices and a racket of hoofs announced the arrival of the straw riders.

"That's them," announced Joe and lifted a long string of frankfurters from the steaming pot.

"It'd be kind of fun to wait and see them," Dizzy suggested timidly.

"I certainly sha'n't go until I have scolded Midge," promised Adele, but, instead of looking like a stern elder sister, she curled a lock of hair in front of her ear.

Bill, the farmer, big and broad shouldered, lumbered in.

"Ready for the gang, chief?"

"Let 'em come!" Joe fitted a frankfurter into each roll while his assistant added a smear of mustard.

"They're not getting out," explained the driver. "Too cosy as is, they say. I'm going to haul the grub up to them. Make it ten milks, fourteen cocoas, and one black coffee."

He waited until (Continued on page 41)

You'll find that Girls who can "DO THINGS" are usually readers, too!

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WHAT fun it would be to go shopping with each one of you as you get ready for Christmas! This I cannot do. But I believe that if you get out your Christmas lists I can tell you about some of the books you will want to consider before deciding on a gift for any of your friends, be they picture book age, or beginning to think of college or a job.

For Youngest Girls and Boys

First of all there is a small book, *A Little Shepherd's Trust*, by Eva L. Hughes (Oxford, 75c) that tells how Daniel, a shepherd boy, stayed with his flock on the first Christmas Eve. The delicate illustrations are by Ruth Von Kalmar who makes the spirit of Christmas shine out of each picture. This can be given to the youngest, but the whole family will listen when it is read aloud.

Let us look at the picture story books. They are so bright and gay. There is one about a dog, *Noodle*, told by Munro Leaf with pictures by Ludwig Bemelmans (Stokes, \$1.50). Noodle, a dachshund, does what many folks do—wishes that he were some other size and shape—and so there follow amusing adventures! Do you remember that Munro Leaf wrote *Ferdinand*? Ludwig Bemelmans wrote and made the pictures for *Hansi*, *Suki*, the Siamese Pussy written and illustrated by Leonard Weisgard (Nelson, \$2.00) is another venturesome animal that wished and wished. She lived in New York and wished to go to Paris. Suki does get on a ferry boat and she does go fishing. Margery Bianco tells in English the beautiful, gay French picture story by Samivel of *Rufus, the Fox* (Harper, \$2.00). Rufus is up to his usual tricks of stealing his supper and sending Uncle Wolf into trouble, but he meets his match. Then there is another dog story. This is about a Mexican dog who doesn't think he is appreciated at home. Ellis Credle, who wrote *Little Jeemes Henry*, tells and illustrates *Pepe and the Parrot* (Nelson, \$2.00). Yes, it was the parrot that began poor Pepe's troubles. And there is a picture book about Babar's special friend, the little monkey Zephir, called *Zephir's Holidays* done by Jean de Brunhoff and translated from the French by Merle S. Haas (Random House, \$3.00). The book looks very much like a Babar in size and shape. There are even elephants on the end-sheets when you open it. But soon you read of how Zephir rescues the little monkey princess who is captured by the wicked Gogottes. In the picture story of *Ki-Ki, a Circus Trumper* by Edith J. Craine (Albert Whitman, \$1.50), with illustrations by Kurt Wiese, you will read about a little dog who was adopted by a circus family and finally be-

By NORA BEUST

Chairman of The American Library Association Board for Work with Children and Young People

came not only a performer, but the hero of the entire troupe. The pictures almost make you feel as though you had been to the circus. There is a picture story book about some little Negro children, told in Negro dialect, called *Ezekiel* by Elvira Garner (Holt, \$1.50). Ezekiel thinks of all kinds of things to do. He loves to sing. The pictures are small, but they will make you laugh. *Choo Choo: The Story of a Little Engine Who Ran Away* by Virginia L. Burton (Houghton, \$1.50) is the story of a little engine who wanted to go alone. The pictures look as though you could draw them yourself if you had some charcoal, but the more you look at them the more you will see—and that is at least one reason why any little boy would like this book. The last of this group is a very bright book, with a colored picture and a poem for each month in the year, called *The Children's Year* by Lacote and Margaret W. Brown, with pictures by Rojan (Harper, 75c). It begins with January and skating, and finishes with December's Christmas trees.

For Boys and Girls from Six to Ten

Boys and girls from six to ten years will be interested in this group of books. You will find, of course, that some younger children and many older people will like the books, too. All have very nice pictures. *Here We Come A'Piping* edited by Rose Fyleman (Stokes, \$1.00) has poems new and old, for night and morning, of birds and beasts and numerous other things. John E. Brewton edited *Under the Tent of the Sky* (Macmillan, \$2.00). You will find animal verses here about circus animals, those at the zoo, the barnyard, the pets at home, birds and insects, and the animals of fairyland. A musical book is *Sebastian Bach: the Boy from Thuringia* by Opal Wheeler and Sybil Deucher (Dutton, \$2.00). It tells about Bach from the time of his boyhood until he was an old man honored by his king. Boys and girls who love music will surely want this book. Color is such an interesting subject, but many know little about it. *The Wonderful Wonders of Red—Yellow—Blue* by Faber Birren (McFarlane, \$2.00) is intriguing. There are things to do in *Fun*

with Boxes: *How to Make Things for Pleasure and Profit out of Empty Boxes of Every Size, Shape, and Material* by Joseph Leeming (Stokes, \$2.00). You can use cardboard or wooden boxes. *The Home Toy Shop* by Nina R. Jordan (Harcourt, \$2.00) tells how you can use discarded inner tubes, empty spools, old stockings, cardboard, etc., for making toys that can really be played with.

Three interesting books about animals and their masters are: *Cowboy in the Making* written and illustrated by Will James (Scribners, \$1.50), which tells the true story of the author's pet horses, his two pet wolves, and many an adventure in the wild West; *Azam: The Story of an Arabian Colt* by Irvin S. Cobb (Rand, \$1.50), which describes a spirited Arabian colt born on a Western farm—easy reading with many photographs; and *Each in his Way* by Alice Gall and Fleming Crew, with drawings by Kurt Wiese (Oxford, \$2.00), which retells the stories of famous animals in a beautiful manner. Here you will find Bucephalus, Comanche, Jock, and others. Good to read aloud.

For children who enjoy history there is *A Child's Story of the World: From the Earliest Days to Our Own Time* by Donald C. Peattie (Simon, \$2.50) that makes you want to read more history. Each of the six sections are published as separate books by Grosset for fifty cents. *Winnebago Boy* by Mario and Mabel Scacheri (Harcourt, \$2.00) reproduces, in beautiful pictures and story, the life and customs of the Indians of the plains. *Marcos: A Mountain Boy of Mexico* by Melicent H. Lee (Whitman, \$2.00) is about a Mexican boy who goes out to seek his fortune. What adventures befall him! The story of steel, electricity, and oil are told in *Steel* by Marguerite E. Schwarzman, *Electricity Comes to Us* by Rose Wyler and Warren W. McSpadden, and *Oil Comes to Us* by Rose Wyler (Grosset, 50c each). An easy reading book is *Things That Go* by Mary G. Phillips (Rand, \$1.00). The automobile, airplane, telephone, and vacuum cleaner are some of these things.

Wings for the Smiths by Alice Dalglish (Scribners, \$1.75) is a story about Greg and Susan whose father buys an airplane for the family. *The Nightingale House* by Elizabeth Palmer (Scribners, \$1.75) tells us what happened to a doll's house that belonged to a little Swedish girl in Minnesota. Another story about the early days is *Hester and Timothy* by Ruth and Richard Holberg (Doubleday, \$1.50) which tells what the children found in the frontier town of Milwaukee in 1835.

Girls and Boys Ten to Sixteen

There are so many interesting books for boys and girls from ten to sixteen. An inspirational book is *Saints and Rebels* by Eloise Lowmsberry (Longmans, \$2.50) which tells of twelve men and women, during the past five hundred years of history, who seem to have had for their motto, "Seize the sword of knowledge; with it and with love, the universe is conquerable." In *How They Started* edited by Elisabeth B. Hamilton (Harcourt, \$2.00), Crockett, Rockefeller, Andersen, Lincoln, Steffens, Roosevelt, Sherman, Morrow, and Audubon are the nine famous men who begin their careers. *The Masts of Gloucester* by Raymond McFarland (Norton, \$3.00) is a book about the recollections of a fisherman who tells of daily life on board a schooner in calm weather and in great storms. Legendary heroes are found in *From Umar's Pack* compiled by Effie Power (Dutton, \$1.50).

Animals on the March by W. Maxwell Reed and Jannette M. Lucas (Harcourt, \$3.00) tells of millions of years of the earth's history and animal life. It answers many questions about extinct and present animal life. If you know some one who is interested in snakes, there is *Snakes Alive and How They Live* by Clifford H. Pope (Viking, \$2.50).

STUFFED SHIRT

the last roll had its quota and picked up the big tray. "I'll start them on this."

"Pardon me, young man," interposed Adele in her haughtiest manner, "can you tell me if Midge Bennett is outside with that crowd?"

"Surest thing you know," the farmer answered in the manner of a social equal.

"Will you please ask her to come right in here? Say her sister wishes to see her." The request was in the nature of a command.

It was several minutes before Midge appeared at the door, chewing a hot-dog and shivering with the cold.

"Bill said you wanted to see me. Anything the matter?"

"Well, rather! Look at that clock!"

"What's unusual about it?"

"All right, if that's the attitude you're going to take! I'm sure I'm not going to get old and wrinkled worrying about you—that's up to Mother."

"Wish you'd thought of that before you dragged me over here," complained Midge, starting for the door.

"Wait a second," Adele became confidential. "How do you like the stuffed shirt?"

"He didn't come."

"Oh, really? Ready, Dizzy? We may as well get going."

"Here's your pocketbook, Adele." Dizzy handed the bag to her, upside down. It was unclasped and the contents rattled on the floor at the feet of Bill who had returned for more food.

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry!" Dizzy lamented, chasing a lively penny into the corner.

"This young man will pick everything up," Adele spoke haughtily, like a queen, and returned to her scolding of Midge. "It really is too bad for you to take liberties like this. Five after ten already!"

"Yes, I must get back," agreed Midge. "Let me help you, Bill."

Together they stuffed the compact, lip-stick, pencils, and change into the purse.

"Here, young man, keep ten cents!" Adele

There is a section about identifying snakes, something about their usefulness, size, age, growth, and popular beliefs about them.

Barrett C. Kiesling's *Talking Pictures* (Johnson, \$1.40) tells in a clear manner what some of the problems of making pictures are. *How to Make Electric Toys* by Raymond F. Yates (Appleton-Century, \$2.00) describes a radio set on a pencil; an electric chair for bugs; telegraphing with an electric light, etc. *Electrical Occupations for Boys* by Lee M. Klinefelter (Dutton, \$2.00) is a more serious kind of electrical book. Here is described the entire field of electrical occupations available to boys when they grow up. Mining as an important industry is the subject of *All About Mining* by Wallace H. Witcombe (Longmans, \$2.50). Gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, tin, zinc, aluminum, coal, oil, sulphur, and precious stones are included.

Two books just for girls are: *Merry Mixer Cook Book* by Helen Robertson (Stokes, \$2.50)—if you really want to cook and serve a meal, the directions included will be invaluable; and *Good Manners for Girls* by Inez Haynes Irwin (Appleton-Century, \$1.50) which tells you how you can cultivate good manners and how to educate your heart.

Next month I'll tell you of more new books that will make welcome Christmas gifts.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

took a dime from her pocketbook and handed it to Bill.

"No thanks! No, thank you, ma'am."

"That's quite all right. I wish you to have it."

The farmer hesitated, a flush brightening his strong jowls.

"He doesn't want it, Del," scolded Midge, sensing his embarrassment.

"Naturally, I expect to tip for service." Adele pressed the coin into his hand. "Come, Dizzy."

"I'm sorry, Bill," apologized Midge when her sister had swept out of the Bean-wagon followed by her satellite. "Adele's so hipped on being elegant, she didn't notice you're a gentleman as well as a farmer."

"For a kid, Midge Bennett, you seem to have a lot of sense," Bill told her, surprisingly.

"Hey, what's the matter?" called Quentin, striding in. "What did Adele want?"

"Picking on me for being late," grinned Midge.

"Then let's get the rest of the grub." He picked up the tray of turnovers and Bill preceded him with the tinkling glasses.

"Know who I think is awfully nice, Tin?" Midge said in an undertone as they crossed the parking space.

"Not me, I suppose?"

"You're not so bad," she admitted, "but I was thinking of Bill." She looked across to the hay wagon where he stood on the wheel hub, dispensing milk and cocoa.

"Yeah, he's been rather decent to-night for an older brother," agreed Tin.

"Older brother!" gasped Midge. "You don't mean he's the celebrated CUE?"

"That's one of his nicknames. Didn't you know?"

"I certainly didn't." She stood stock still and burst into noisy laughter.

"What's the joke?"

"I'm thinking how interested Del will be when I tell her!"



To Read and Re-read

FLAXEN BRAIDS

By Annette Turngren

Pictures by Dorothy Bayley

Kristin lived in Sweden not so many years ago. This is the story of her childhood there—the journeys her family made through the country, of her friends, and finally of her new home. \$1.50

SUKI: THE SIAMESE PUSSY

By Leonard Weisgard

Suki wanted to go to Paris; being an independent cat, he set forth at once. His adventures, told in story and colored illustrations, will be enjoyed by all cat-lovers. \$2.00

PEPE AND THE PARROT

By Ellis Credle

Mexico, a land of sun and parrots and small amusing dogs. Ellis Credle has caught all this in her delightful story and pictures. \$2.00

BILLY MONKEY

By Rose Fyleman

A true story of a monkey who was taken from the London Zoo. "To any one with any thought of acquiring a monkey as a pet this book will be of great value and for animal lovers generally will prove interesting and entertaining." The New York Times. \$1.00

DO YOU LIKE TO OPEN PACKAGES?

By Catherine and Robb Beebe

A good picture book for your youngest brother or sister. Easy reading and charming illustrations. \$1.00

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GOING PLACES?



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The Sport Jacket, being quite new, tops the list. Modern zipper and streamlined pockets are combined with the old-fashioned comfort of all wool yarn. Girl Scout, of course, with its deep green color and trefoil insignia!

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8-126 Sizes 18, 38-44	7.50

A Slip-Over Sweater to wear with your favorite skirt is in dark green, too, and of soft brush wool. The fine ribbing at wrists and hips fits smoothly under cuffs and skirts, and the V-neck is becoming with or without a blouse. Sizes 10-18, 38-44. 8-254

\$3.50

Girl Scout Pajamas do double duty—for they may be worn for lounging, or as sleeping pajamas. The fine-spun percale is palm green, with piping, trefoil and buttons in contrasting white. The trousers are made with wide legs, straight front, and elastic across the back. Small, medium, large. 8-410

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The Bathrobe of deep green all-wool flannel makes a bed-time ensemble of which any week-end may be proud. Warm, roomy, comfortable and good-looking. Sizes 12-18, 38-40. 8-403

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11-306 Two blades, stag handle \$.85

11-316 Two blades, pyralin handle75

11-301 Jack knife, stag handle 1.50

11-311 Jack knife, green pyralin handle 1.00

The *Compass* is made with a revolving needle which may be locked when not in use, and marked at every 5 degrees.

11-358 Green bakelite case \$1.00

11-359 Blue bakelite case 1.00

11-356 Round nickle-plated case80

A *Camera* will add much to the pleasure of your visit. The pictures, small but clear, are $1\frac{1}{8}$ " x $1\frac{1}{2}$ ". The camera itself is but 2" x 3" x $\frac{3}{4}$ ". 11-806 \$1.00

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The *Cookie Cutter* makes crispy cookies even more delicious, and will help make your party or entertainment a big success. 11-591 \$.15

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PLUS THE INFANTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

floor with long, gliding steps just how tall her companion was. Her head barely reached his shoulder and she had a feeling of being lifted around the corners. His thoughts must have been the reverse of hers. "How little you are! And light!"

"I feel like a balloon."

"Don't ever tell anyone else you don't dance."

"You make it easy," Julie sighed with honest ecstasy. "Let's not talk."

The music stopped too soon and they went back to their table. "Hungry?" he asked.

"Starved."

"Well, kids, how goes it?"

"Swell. The waiter told us they're going to have a show later," announced small Bill Haines from his end of the table.

"Can I stay up for it?" demanded Tommy. They all shouted at that, but their laughter was changed into a clamor of "Eats!" and "Here he comes, Charlie!" A catcall from Tommy was barely suppressed under the swift cover of Charlie's huge palm.

Luckily the music had begun again and had smothered their rejoicing. Almost at once Hugo was standing behind Julie's chair. "Want to exchange a dance?" She had an intuition Sylvia had sent him so she might dance with Charlie, but the latter said, "Things'll get cold. Shall we wait?"

"Right," agreed Hugo and went back to the other table. It was some distance away and Julie could not hear their conversation, but there certainly was no such clamor as arose here; after all, Sylvia and Hugo had the older, quieter boys.

"I'm glad we got this gang," she told Charlie, smiling at him. "Especially Tommy."

"You like me?" He rubbed his small, perverse head against Julie's arm affectionately. "Certainly do."

"The fish is mine!" he shouted, forgetting her in the instant.

"I ordered fish," argued Bill, reaching for the plate. The waiter lifted the dish above his head while Julie made peace. "You remember, you both ordered fish." Charlie grinned at her gratefully.

Food silenced them for a while; then the show started. A man and a girl began singing in voices thin and whiney, "These Foolish Things Remind Me of You."

"Will there be tap dancing?" demanded Tommy in a loud whisper.

"I reckon."

"And a trained seal?"

"No. Sh!"

"Aw, gee, they had a trained seal in the show I saw Christmas."

"Make him, shush, Charlie," pleaded Fred on the other side of Julie.

"Shut up, kid."

Tommy subsided, muttering, "Well they did have."

A group of chorus girls joined the two singers, and Tommy's first wish was fulfilled. Julie liked the tap dancing better than the singing; her own slippers beat time. Then the orchestra played a waltz and a pair of dancers swung in and out of a spotlight. The glitter of their costumes confused her so

that she shielded her eyes with her left hand and stared at her plate.

"Julie! What's wrong?"

She jerked her hand down, embarrassed. "N-nothing."

"You aren't sick?" Charlie sounded worried.

"No. Just a little giddy from that." Julie nodded her head at the dazzling, whirling dancers. "My eyes, you know."

"Didn't you ever go to a doctor, or an oculist?"

"Oh, yes!" Julie spoke low, confessing. "I generally wear glasses. I've got them in my bag."

"Gosh! You don't mean to say you don't have to go 'round all confused like this? Why didn't you wear them?"

"Pride, I guess," Julie fumbled at the clasp of her purse and took out her glasses. "Put 'em on and enjoy yourself." His off-hand tone disturbed her. He probably thought her pride had been silly. She'd rather he'd think her homely than stupid and silly.

Carefully she thrust the earpieces through her hair, fluffed it, and faced him. With his face suddenly in focus, she saw that he was ruddy and handsome. "You look all right to me," he said, and turned back to watch the dancers—lovely, she saw clearly now, in their electric blue and gold. Applause rippled through the room like a breeze through the dried leaves of an autumn wood. "Perhaps he won't like me now he knows what a fool I was."

Something warm and wet landed on her neck. "Oh!" she gasped. "What is it? Feels like fish! It *is* fish!"

Tommy giggled.

"What did you do?" she demanded.

"I just wanted to shoot it through the spotlight. Up there, see!" He aimed again.

"Put that fork down!" Charlie's slow voice made Tommy squirm. "You know you oughtn't to've done that. Say excuse me to Miss Julie."

"Excuse me," he murmured meekly, and no more fish landed on her neck.

Charlie was surveying the plates of the gang. "Have you kids finished?"

"Sure."

"Yep."

"Take the things, waiter, and chocolate ice cream all around, and when the waiter comes back, you kids aren't to act as though you'd never seen ice cream before." He turned to Julie. "Want to dance again?"

"How about Sylvia?"

"There's plenty of time for that." They glided over the floor. "Hope you like chocolate ice cream," he grinned.

"I like keeping the peace better than variety!"

"Thanks." But in his voice was none of the light-hearted raillery of their first dance. Something seemed to have gone out of her evening.

Sylvia and Hugo danced along beside them. "We're going to the Blackhawk," she informed them. "Hugo says Kay Kyser's there and his playing's great."

"We like it all right here," demurred Julie.

"And there's no show," added Charlie. "The kids'll be bored stiff."

"They're getting (Continued on page 46)

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MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES

Give something of your own personality with gifts you make yourself

By ELIZABETH ANTHONY

AS A Christmas gift for a friend at school, or your favorite cousin, or as a treat for yourself—is there anything more acceptable than a pair of pajamas? If you plan to make more than one of these special gifts, you'll find a wide choice of fabrics. Foulard is always a good bet—something with a light print on a dark background. Use contrasting piping around collar and cuffs. Satin is luxurious and can be had in a wide selection of colors. For the shivery person, don't hesitate to make pajamas of good cotton flannel—she'll thank you. Make them look very tailored with row after row of stitching, using your machine cloth guide, or gauge presser foot, to help keep the rows of stitching straight. Cotton print materials are interesting in percale, or dimity. Use as the trim narrow, dainty rickrack braid. Poplin and broadcloth are other suggestions.

One of the first things to consider in making pajamas is the fit. I know of nothing more disheartening to the giver, as well as the receiver, than to find that a garment intended as a gift is too large or too small, especially if one has made it oneself. You'll want to find out, therefore, just how your friend differs from a perfect sixteen or fourteen, etc. Is she taller or shorter than the average? Long or short waisted? What is her arm length?

Start to work by spreading your cut and sew guide out in front of you. You have decided on either view A, or B. Next check your cutting layout according to the width of your materials. Now just above this layout you will find the simple instructions for shortening, or lengthening the pattern.

Next pin your pattern to your material, following layout for the width of your material.

Begin with the cutting, obtaining a clean even edge by cutting through the white center of the double cutting line. Do not remove your pattern until you have made all the markings, that is, the tailor's, tacks through perforations indicating darts at waistline of jacket, and front and back of trousers. Also mark position of buttonholes, using a different color of thread for this marking. Clip notches about one-eighth inch deep along the edge where numbered notches are indicated. These notches are to be matched to those in the corresponding sections.

The first stitching would be the darts in both front and back of blouse, front and back of trousers.

Before beginning to stitch, see that your thread matches your material and that the machine needle is right for both thread and material. Seams should not draw or pucker so tensions should be tested on a scrap of the material before starting to sew. If the material puckers, loosen both top and bottom tensions slightly and adjust for a short stitch.

If you are not an expert at making bound buttonholes, it is important to make accurate markings. The tailor's tacks indicate the center front as well as the position for buttonholes. First determine the length of buttonhole required. Then run a row of machine basting—that is a long loose stitch—down the center front through the tailor's tacks to just below the last buttonhole. Then run



PATTERN 9408—SIZES 12 TO 42

another row of stitching parallel with the first one, but spacing it the length of the buttonhole. This will help you to make all buttonholes the same length.

From here on follow the instructions given under assembling, sewing, and finishing details of the cut and sew guide, for either bound or worked buttonholes. If buttonholes are difficult for you, you will find that a zipper in a matching or contrasting color will add a smart, new touch.

When darts and buttonholes are finished, then you are ready to join the various sections. Always stitch the shoulder seam from neck line to armhole. Underarm seam should be stitched from armhole to lower edge. Match notches and pin the seam edges together before you baste, inserting pins crosswise the seam. Press seams as soon as final stitching is made.

Stitch long seams in trousers from waistline down. Finish seam edges by pinking unless your material frays easily, in which case it is best to turn the edge under about one-eighth of an inch and stitch on the fold.

A monogram on the pocket or sleeve will make the gift even more personal. You can make monograms on the sewing machine very easily, using the signature stitch. Place material in embroidery hoops the same as you would for hand embroidery. Lower the feed on the sewing machine, or cover it with a feed covering plate. Remove presser foot. Use a coarse thread—number seventy tatting cotton is good—on top, and fine thread on the bobbin. Make bobbin tension slightly looser than usual and top tension tighter. Insert hoops under needle and lower presser bar. As you stitch, move hoops slowly and run machine fast. This forms a cord on the right side, and is most effective for names.

Pattern 9408 is a McCall pattern which may be ordered direct from *The American Girl*, 14 W. 49th Street, New York City. The price is thirty-five cents. Be sure to state size when ordering.

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PLUS THE INFANTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

sleepy anyway. Can't you take them home and dump them?" Sylvia was still unresigned.

"I reckon not." They danced apart and, when the music stopped, Julie and Charlie headed for their tribe without waiting for the encore. The ice cream had arrived and, as they sat down, a whisper ran around the table, whereupon six young voices rose in chorus, spoons beating time:

"We have it every day!

"We have it every day!

"What?

"Ice cream!"

The head waiter leaned over Charlie's shoulder, speaking quietly but with determination. "I'm afraid, sir—"

"If you kids don't finish your cream quickly and quietly, I'll have 'em take it away." Moans. "Get to it."

Before they had finished their own ice cream, Tommy's head was lolling against Julie's shoulder. "He's asleep," she murmured over his head to Charlie.

"No, I'm not!" Tommy sat erect, but he was soon sagging again.

Hugo and Sylvia and their half-dozen were beside the table now, ready to go. "Let's get out of here," she urged.

"We'll be along in a minute. You kids done?"

"I am!"

"No, wait, Charlie."

"Hurry up."

"I can't. It makes my nose ache if I eat it fast," complained Joe.

Charlie called the waiter and paid the check while Joe finished his ice cream.

"Don't you think they ought to go back to the hotel now?" whispered Julie.

"Aw, don't spoil the fun. Come on, kids." He would have taken her arm, but she eluded him, going on ahead, for now she could see. The boys trailed behind like a comet's tail. Outright laughter rippled over the restaurant as they left.

Sylvia was just outside the entrance, laying down the law. "If you think I'm going to the Blackhawk with the infantry, Hugo Leonard, you're mistaken. It's either the four of us alone, or Julie and I go straight back to the Club."

In the midst of her tirade, Hugo darted across the street after a taxi that had just passed them, and left her spluttering and angry. The taxi drew up to the curb and Hugo leaned his head inside. The boys, spread out along the pavement, jiggled impatiently while Hugo talked and talked eagerly, familiarly, with the driver.

"I suppose," remarked Sylvia, "he's found a long lost uncle just practically back from Australia, and he's inviting him to go to the Blackhawk, too."

Surprisingly, she wasn't far wrong. Hugo waved and beckoned to them. Shepherding their flock through the Clark Street traffic—Sylvia stalking majestically behind so as not to be considered part of the mob scene—they joined Hugo, who announced, the moment they were within earshot, "It's Louie. You remember Louie, Charlie? He used to be Dad's chauffeur out at the Lake. He says he'll show the kids the Outer Drive and the Wrigley building and such-like while we dance. What say?"

Sylvia arrived at that moment. "Have you got some one to take 'em home at last?"

"No, Miss. I'm to bring 'em back—"

"Alive, too, if possible," put in Charlie. "To the Blackhawk in an hour," promised Louie.

"That's no time at all!" wailed Sylvia.

"Take it or leave it." Hugo treated Sylvia as if she, too, were male, aged ten. They got into a second taxi—after Charlie and Hugo had managed somehow to stuff all twelve into Louie's cab—and went to the Blackhawk restaurant where they danced and ate a *bombe glacé* and had another demitasse, and danced again.

"It's getting terribly late, isn't it?" Julie asked, the third time she and Hugo were on the floor together.

"Oh, not so very." They were both a little glum. Was it Sylvia who had made it seem that Charlie wanted to dance only with her—or was Charlie avoiding Julie?

"Louie must have brought them back long ago," she protested over the current of her thoughts.

"He'll keep driving around the block."

"With twelve kids?"

"Sure."

"We'll find him stark, staring mad by the time we get there."

"He'll survive. You'll see."

The next dance Charlie swung Julie out on the floor before Sylvia could refuse Hugo.

Who Cracked the September Nut?

Two hundred and ninety-eight girls submitted titles for the ninth Nutcracker-Suite Caption Contest. The winner is Jeanne Vawter of Urbana, Illinois, with the title *Never Say Diet!*. Jeanne will receive a book as a prize. Other good titles are: *Dieting—or Die-Eating?*; *"Eat, Drink, and be Merry for To-morrow We Die!"* (sent by two girls); *Fat Man from the Circus Goes on Diet!*; *The Fat of the Land; Eating Sickens; Getting F.d up with Sickness; Ill at Ease; Dumb Waiter* (sent by two girls); *Pabdon, sub-wrong room!*; *"April Fool—I'm not sick!"*; and *Enjoying Poor Health* (submitted by nine girls).

"What do you mean—giving me the go-by for Hugo? You're my date." He began singing in her ear the words of the tune to which they danced—"Did I remember to tell you I adore you?"

Her heart grew suddenly light. She laughed up at him. It was a line, of course, but it made her happy. Then she remembered their charges. "I think we really ought to go. The boys will be dead—"

"I can read the headlines already," grinned Charlie. "TWELVE BOYS MURDERED IN CHICAGO. CAB DRIVER KILLS IN SELF-DEFENCE."

Julie giggled, then sobered. "It's really serious. What time is it?"

"Not very serious. I tipped him a dollar to keep 'em quiet. And it's only eleven-thirty if you must know."

"Oh, then we've got to go. Our permission lasts only till twelve."

"All right," Charlie agreed cheerfully. "Let's go."

They found Louie quite sane, waiting in his cab beside the curb. Inside, eight of the twelve boys were curled like so many drowsy kittens in each others' laps. Tommy was asleep beside the driver. The three oldest were on the sidewalk, appraising a shop window.

"Get aboard, kids," Charlie hailed them. "Have a good ride?"

"Sure!" "Swell!" "Where do we go next?"

"To take the girls home, and then to bed."

"Aw, gee, it's only eleven-thirty."

"Come on. Wake up, Tommy, and get inside."

"I'll lift him through the window, sir," offered Louie.

"Thanks." Charlie packed them in once more. "Follow our cab," and they whirled off through the darkness to the Three Arts Club where they said their good-nights.

"It's been a most amusing evening!" Sylvia shook hands sweetly and started up the steps. "Good-night!" shouted all the little boys after her, but she did not turn.

"Oh, it was fun!" cried Julie, and ran up after her friend.

Once in their room, however, Sylvia began to storm. "It'll be a long, long time before I have another date with that Hugo. Imagine! Bringing along those stupid, little idiots!"

"They had nice manners, all but Tommy. And Charlie'll calm him down before he's been a week in camp. It really wasn't so bad, Sylvie!"

"It was insulting!"

"Nonsense. You'll be telling this at parties ten years from now." Julie hated to take off the swishing pink ruffles. Self-confidence was warm within her as she remembered that last dance. "You know, I think Charlie kind of likes me."

"You mustn't fall for that line of his, Julie. You know I told you he had 'em gasping on the beach last summer. Here, help me undo this shoulder strap, will you?" Sylvia dropped her next remark casually. "He asked me how long I'd be at art school, and said he'd probably have to run down from camp a couple of times before I left."

Julie bent over the tangled shoulder strap, her self-confidence pricked by Sylvia's "I's." Charlie hadn't said anything like that to her and, of course, Sylvia, with her golden hair, was adorable in her green organdie.

At that moment the telephone in the hall shrilled. Sylvia was nearest the door. She caught up the receiver eagerly. "Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Why, hello, Charlie. . . . No, I didn't. . . . Yes, she's here." Her tone went dead. She handed the telephone to Julie without a word and stalked into the bathroom.

"Hello?" Julie's voice went up in a question.

"Lo, Julie!" Charlie was laughing.

"I thought you'd be glad to know the little chickabiddies are safe in bed."

"Overcome with gladness."

"When'll I be seeing you?"

"You're going to camp to-morrow, aren't you?"

"It's only ninety miles from Chicago."

"And Clayton's five times that far!"

"Oh! You're leaving soon?"

"No-o," Julie's tone softened, "not till August first."

"Then I'll see you the thirty-first, when we get back to town."

"With or without the Infantry?"

"How do you prefer it?"

"You might guess!" As Julie hung up the receiver, she smiled happily at the reflection in the mirror of a pair of thick-lensed glasses. "I'll wear you next time," she whispered. "Perhaps looks aren't so important when people really like each other."



Laugh and Grow/Count

Laconic

"How did George break his leg?"

"Well, do you see those steps over there?"

"Yes."

"George didn't."—
Sent by JANE EDMUNDS, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Comeback

A soldier went to his colonel with this request: "I should like permission to go home and help my wife with the housecleaning."

The colonel replied, "I hate to refuse you, but I have just received a letter from your wife saying that you are more of a hindrance than a help."

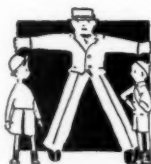
The soldier saluted and left. At the door he stopped, turned, and said, "Colonel, there are two people in this regiment who handle the truth loosely. I have no wife."—Sent by BETTY COHEN, Baltimore, Maryland.

Meter

The president of the local gas company was making a stirring address. "Think of the good the gas company has done!" he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I should say, 'Honor the Light Brigade.'"

And a customer immediately shouted, "'Oh, what a charge they made!'"—Sent by JOYE HUMES, Iola, Kansas.

Of Course



PAT: My father works in a glue factory.
MIKE: Yeah? What of it?
PAT: He's stuck on his job.—Sent by AURELIA GUTOWSKI, Lackawanna, New York.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



Harvard Joke

"Who is that fellow with the long hair?"

"Just a fellow from Yale."

"I've often heard of those Yale locks."—Sent by DARLENE PIPER, Urbana, Iowa.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Final

A boy who was away in prep school spent all of his money and then wrote home to his dad as follows, "No mon, no fun. Your son."

His father replied, "Too bad, my lad. Your dad."—Sent by DONA B. WYCHE, Durham, North Carolina.

Emolument

"My papa is a mounted policeman," said a little girl proudly.

"Is that better than being a foot policeman?" she was asked.

"Oh yes," replied the child. "If there's any trouble, Papa can get away quicker."—Sent by NANCY CLEMONS, Jackson, Michigan.

No Piker



FATHER: How is my son getting on?
PROFESSOR: Fine! He is half back on the football team and all the way back in his studies.—Sent by MARY RUTH BROWN, Mayfield, Kentucky.

Bright Pupil

TEACHER: Who can give me a definition of the word waffle?

PERCY: A waffle is a pancake with a non-skid tread.—Sent by RUBY KINDELBERGER, Porter, Minnesota.

Before Election

HOSTESS: We have heard a great deal about you, Mr. Blank.

POLITICIAN (absently): Maybe so, but you can't prove it.—Sent by E. HORNALL, Carnation, Washington.

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By OSBORNE B. BOND



THE newest United States postage stamp made its official appearance at Philadelphia on September seventeenth. It is a double-size commemorative printed in purple ink and it has been issued in honor of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the United States Constitution. The new stamp is of three-cent denomination with the design arranged horizontally and it has been produced on the rotary presses.

The central design shows a reproduction of the famous painting, "Signing of the Constitution," by Junius Brutus Stearns. In the narrow panel with dark background at the top is the wording, "Constitution Sesqui-centennial," in white Roman letters, below which is a white ribbon panel with folded ends containing the inscription: "Signing of the Constitution—In the Philadelphia Convention, September 17, 1787—Independence Hall," arranged in three lines, in dark Gothic lettering. Opposite this panel are the dates "1787" at the left, and "1937" at the right, in dark figures. In an upright panel at the left edge of the stamp is a representation of the Roman fasces, symbol of power, and in a corresponding panel at the right is a reproduction of the flaming torch, emblem of enlightenment. In shield-shaped panels in each lower corner of the stamp is the denomination designation "3c" in white on a dark ground. In a narrow panel along the bottom of the stamp is the wording, "United States Postage," in white Roman, on either side of which are straight line ornaments. Resting on the bottom panel at the center is a decorative scroll.

We show you an illustration of the first King George VI stamp for one of the British crown colonies, after the coronation stamp series. This is the one-quarter-penny denomination of Grenada, which is one of the Windward Islands of the West Indian group. The stamp is used only for internal postal charges and is printed in chocolate brown color. The head of King George used for the design has been taken from a new portrait of the king made in London very shortly before.

A stamp issued three months ago by Finland has a most interesting story behind it. It is the two-mark blue value which was issued to honor that country's popular hero, Field Marshal Gustaf Mannerheim, who is renowned for having rescued his country from Bolshevism and for assuring her independence from Russia. He has often been referred to as the uncrowned king of Finland. Mannerheim's seventieth birthday, which occurred on June fourth of this year, was the occasion for spontaneous and enthusiastic celebrations throughout all of Finland. The commemorative stamp shows a profile of the field marshal. Finland, lying between two powerful nations, Russia and Sweden, was for centuries

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the center of a struggle which went on almost continually between these countries. In 1809 Russia finally annexed the country which thereafter became a grand duchy of the Russian Empire. There was an increasing undercurrent of feeling among the stubborn Finns, however, demanding a declaration of independence.

In December 1917, a majority of the Finnish Diet passed the declaration and immediately the country was divided into two bitterly hostile camps. The "Whites" were opposed to Russia and the "Reds" demanded allegiance to that country. Russia, weakened

by internal revolution and German invasion, was not equipped to make direct attempts at crushing the revolt, but hoped to prevent secession by promoting a civil war. The "Red Guards," organized with Russian aid, ransacked the country and soon brought on a bitter civil war.

General Mannerheim, who had served in the German army, hurriedly organized a "White" army and also enlisted the aid of the Germans in suppressing the insurrection and maintaining order. On April 29, 1918, he won a decisive victory in the battle of Viborg which assured Finland her independence.

As a gesture of gratitude the Finns offered to crown Mannerheim king, but he magnanimously declined the honor. Since then, like a faithful watchdog, he has stood by, quietly keeping one eye cocked for signs of anything detrimental to his country and acting in an advisory capacity to Finnish political leaders. It is related that, on his birthday, Mannerheim spent from early morning until late evening granting audiences at three-minute intervals to receive homage from delegates of various social, military, and welfare organizations which he has created and on whose boards he has served as a director.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

TOM SAWYER

The mothers of both boys passed on their sense of humor to their sons. Nora Kelly is known for her rare feeling for fun. Jane Clemens—Mark Twain's mother and the original of Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly—had to have a sense of humor; otherwise little Sam, who was up to every devilment known to a young mind, would have given her a nervous breakdown. Sam would "hook" melons from the fields; he would sneak off to Bear Creek and plunge into deep water, though he couldn't yet swim. He had nine narrow escapes from drowning—somebody always came along and pulled him out in time. After one of these close shaves, Sammy was brought home "in a limp and unpromising condition." Jane Clemens dosed him with mullein tea and castor oil, got him on his feet. Though tears glistened on her cheeks, she remarked drily to a neighbor, "I guess there wasn't much danger. People born to be hanged are safe in water."

IT'S not only boys of Tommy Kelly's own age—like those we met on the sand lot—who want him for a chum. Grown-ups are equally drawn, and even those who have been thrown with him in the course of exacting work. Cameramen, for instance, are notoriously critical of actors and actresses, big and little. Yet Tommy hadn't been on the lot a day before he had made a firm friend of Mr. James Wong Howe, a Chinese gentleman of acumen and mellow philosophy who is one of the movies' finest behind a camera.

Again, the men and women who adapt books for the screen are sometimes displeased with the players who get off—not always to their taste—the lines they've laboriously hammered into shape. Yet John V. A. Weaver, who made the screen play of Tom Sawyer and saw a lot of Tommy Kelly while doing so, will tell you (as he told me): "Tommy's about the nicest kid I've seen anywhere for a long time. He's manly and straight-forward and winning, quick to learn acting, a born trouper. I think he's the best young bet I've ever seen in pictures."

One reason why Tommy finds acting no high hurdle is that he keeps calm, takes picture-making in his stride. And that's understandable. An imaginative boy, he's long been living in a world in which magical things keep happening right along. He has read and believed a whole library of Horatio Alger, Tom Playfair, the Motor Boys. Sudden fame, riches? Why, of course. All a fellow has to do is wait—and take 'em when they come.

The rest of the family, though, can't stay so cool about Tommy's big chance (except June Marie, who still finds a chocolate soda far more exciting than anybody's fame.) They're still a little dazzled by the miracle.

The family, you see, had always found life a grim struggle. Tommy's father had been on WPA relief as a social service investigator. He had never brought home big salary checks. His steadiest job was as sexton in St. Raymond's church near his home.

Nora Kelly, mother of the small star-to-be, had been to the movies only three times since she'd been married. On many a night she had stitched and patched to keep Tommy's clothes neat for school.

Tommy himself had longed for many things. When asked what he had wanted most, his answer came with a rush, "A bicycle, and a real gun I could shoot off without getting pinched, and a chance to start earning enough so I and June Marie and John could go to college and get some place, and a big blob of ice cream whenever I wanted it, and a chance at playing outfielder for the New York Giants, and the right kind of a real dog."

Now he has all he longed for—except the big-league baseball job—and much more besides. He has that new bicycle, a fine .22 caliber rifle, and the privilege of practicing shooting on the Culver City police range. He has "the right kind of a real dog"—that turned out to be a shaggy little mutt—and has named him Sawyer. And he is hopeful about that big baseball job. "If I can be a movie star for a few years," he says, "I can save enough money to go to college. And if I play baseball in college, I might get discovered and play with the Giants. Boy!"

Other thrills have come his way. The Culver City fire department adopted him as mascot. On one unforgettable day it allowed him to ride to a fire and sound the siren.

Then there was the party. Freddie Bartholomew gave it for Tommy, to introduce him to the other boys and girls of screenland. Almost all of Hollywood's young film celebrities came. Only a few weeks before, Tommy had been an unknown schoolboy. Now he sat at the head of a table groaning with ice cream and cake, talking to Freddie Bartholomew, Eobay and Billie Mauch, Jackie Moran, Jane Withers, Virginia Weidler, and lots of others. Little Ann Gillis, the ten-year-old child of delicate, doll-like beauty who plays the rôle of Becky Thatcher in the picture, was a favorite at the party.

Don't think, though, that Tommy's life, while he is one of those making the picture, is all pic, parties, and fun. He has found—as all players, young or old, find—that work on the set is hard, tense. Certain scenes have to be "shot" over and over.

And there are rules. True, Tommy, a new-found star, hasn't been as narrowly fenced round by them as certain other more established starlets—for instance, Shirley Temple, whose life is said to be rigidly scheduled

while she's working in a film. According to reports from Hollywood, her play and her work are clocked for her from the time she is awakened at seven—and gets five minutes for stretching herself—till she says good-night to her dog at precisely ten minutes past eight. This schedule gives her five minutes for prayers in the evening and exactly eight minutes each morning to do a "thorough job of washing herself."

Still, Tommy has to toe the line a bit. For one thing, he has to keep up his school work even during the weeks when he is acting. All movie children must go to school. California law says they have to study at least three hours a day; the film companies provide teachers. In addition, Tommy has to take lessons in acting. His coach is Norman Taurag, outstanding as a director of child stars.

Also, Tommy's life during the period he is busily being Tom Sawyer is guided by various *don't's*. Don't roller skate. Don't box. Don't ride your bicycle. Don't play football, or baseball.

Tommy loved, and still loves, to do all those things, but the company can't risk his getting injured. A scratched face, or a black eye, might keep him away from the camera, might throw the whole company out of work with a loss of thousands of dollars.

It is hard for him to follow these rules, being the boy he is. It is hard, too, for the five other boys who are in the picture with him, since they are equally bound. All of them are fond of sports; two of them are real "fans." Twelve-year-old Jackie Moran, for instance—the Huckleberry Finn of the film—is as eager about baseball as Tommy himself. Last year the Chicago Cubs adopted him as their mascot. He has a gifted pitching arm. No less a celebrity than Mary Pickford had a hand in starting him on his way as an actor. When she came to a Chicago theater to play in *The Church Mouse*, he went backstage for an autograph. His looks, his voice, made Mary say to his mother, "Take him to Hollywood." The mother did so. A few lean rôles came to him, and then some fatter ones.

Mickey Rentschler—he plays Joe Harper, Tom's sworn comrade—took part successfully in a series of baseball short subjects starring Babe Ruth. But it was his gift for imitating bird calls that first put him before the public. (Even birds, it was said, thought he was a bird.) He has an ear for music. So has Byron Armstrong—his is the rôle of Billy Fisher, another of Tom Sawyer's chums. He's a cornetist in the North Hollywood band and has a pleasing voice.

Georgie Billings, another small trouper with a good singing voice, brings to life Ben Rogers, one of Tom Sawyer's pals, in the picture. Georgie is twelve years old. The youngest of the cast is David Holt—he's ten. David, who plays Tom's younger brother, Sid,

comes from Jacksonville, Florida. When he was only six he sang and danced for the late Will Rogers. The cowboy comedian grinned a pleased grin and advised Mrs. Holt to take her son to Hollywood. The boy's father gave up his job; the family set out on the long trip in a discouraged car and a wobbly trailer. They were taking a rather frightening chance, but parts came David's way. Will Rogers was right: the boy could act and proved it.

How do the six youngsters behave when they are just being themselves, off the movie sets? Precisely like healthy, normal American boys anywhere. As soon as they got to

know one another slightly, they started to play, to have fun—but also to boast, to disagree.

Norman Taugog, the director, heard shrill voices lifted. The boys were arguing about whose uncle was the strongest, whose could throw the farthest, climb highest, imitate Tarzan the best.

Taugog, alarmed, decided to take a hand. "Look here," he said. "Fist fights are all right—I like 'em myself—but look at our side of it. If one of you fellows blacks another fellow's eye, or bashes his face, or hands him a swollen lip—what then? Our company has to stop work, doesn't it? People's jobs

get held up, don't they? And those people have to eat—no question about that. Do you want to monkey with another man's meal ticket?"

When Taugog finished the boys' faces were grave. Then he asked each of them to give him a pledge that he wouldn't fight during the making of the picture. All gave it.

After peace was declared there was silence until one of the boys piped up, "Mr. Taugog, this just means to the end of the picture, doesn't it?"

On Taugog's "Yes," he said with pleasure in his voice, "That's all I wanted to know."

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BYNG TO THE RESCUE

swirling current. The top had been torn open and through the hole a man's head projected. He was bleeding from a dozen cuts as he strove painfully to pull himself out of the car. The automobile swayed in the current and Howell expected any moment to see it roll over. He ripped off his raincoat as he ran across the standing piece of the bridge.

"Hang on and keep still!" he cried. "I'll be with you in a minute!"

He cautiously entered the water, catching hold of the submerged car for support. A glance showed him the impossibility of getting the man out through the torn top. He took a deep breath, dived, and fumbled for the door handle, realizing immediately that the rushing water had swung the door open. He thrust his hand inside and grasped a leg. He pulled, but it did not yield, so he released his grip and came once more to the surface.

"Take a deep breath, then go down under water," he ordered, "as soon as you feel me grip your leg. I'll haul you out."

Howell dived under once more. His groping hand found the man's leg. He gripped firmly and pulled. Suddenly the man came toward him with a rush, and both instantly found themselves floundering in the river. Howell thrust out his free hand and broke the force with which the current was carrying them against the sunken bridge. For a moment it was nip and tuck, then the corporal's head rose above the water, his hand grasping the edge of the bridge. In another minute he was safe on the structure, the man beside him.

"My girl—Pauline!" the man gasped as

soon as he could speak. "Can you find her?"

"Is she in the car?" Howell snapped.

"No—in the river. She fell out. A dog went after her."

"Byng!" Howell cried in sudden enlightenment. In his excitement he had not missed the spaniel.

"I'm—I'm all right. See about her," the father gasped.

Howell examined the man's wounds. The examination told him that none of the bleeding was arterial, nor were any of the cuts deep. The worst injury seemed to be that one arm hung limp from a dislocated shoulder.

"Lie down," he commanded. "I'll see if I can find her. I'll be back soon."

As he turned away a distant sound struck his ears. Far away and feeble it was, but his heart gave a great bound of thankfulness. It was Byng's bark.

He started downstream at a run, but one step on the rocks reminded him that he was in stocking feet. With a grimace he picked his way back to the bridge and pulled on his discarded boots, then started again at a run.

"All right, Byng!" he called. "I'm coming. Bark, old fellow, so I can find you."

The barking grew nearer as he ran. Three hundred yards below the bridge he found Byng standing beside the body of the girl, alternately barking and licking the cold face. When he saw his master, he raised his nose and gave a mournful howl.

"No, Byng, it probably isn't that bad," Howell said as he made a hasty examination of the child. "Knocked out and half-drowned,

but I think we can bring her around all right."

Captain Rae looked with admiration at the erect figure standing before his desk.

"Corporal Howell," he said, "I'm proud of you, mighty proud. The official report you turned in was all right, but it didn't half cover the case. I've just received a letter from John Anderson, the man you hauled out of the Nisqually last week, and it just makes me feel good all over to read the fine things he says about a man in my outfit."

"I didn't do much, sir," Howell protested. "It was Byng that was the real hero."

"Well, we'll make it a pair then. I'm proud of both of you."

"How is the little girl, sir?" Howell asked.

"Right as a trivet, her father says. Your quickness in giving her artificial respiration and then rushing her in to the hospital in your motor cycle probably saved her life. And I want to congratulate you on your good judgment in stopping at the range guard station and telephoning in for an ambulance to go down and get Mr. Anderson. Your actions were just about what I'd expect of a sergeant, and I'm recommending you for your third stripe when a vacancy occurs in this outfit."

"Thank you, sir," Howell stammered.

"Thanks, nothing. You've earned it. Oh, by the way, I forgot one thing. Mr. Anderson wants to know if Byng is for sale."

"Not for a thousand dollars, sir!" Howell exclaimed.

"That's what I've already written him," the Provost Marshal said with a grin.

JOLLY LITTLE SIXPENCE

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whites of his eyes. "Hit him with the whip, Polly," the young man cried, as he urged Nestor into a gallop.

Under the unaccustomed sting of the whip, Charley matched his pace with Nestor's. In their flight the lines of corn stubble curved past like spokes of a silver wheel.

As they neared the wood path, Whit gave a word of encouragement. "We're going to make it!" And in a moment more, "Here we are!"

Even as he spoke, both reined in their horses. For, in the ditch under the trees, blocking the entrance to the wood path, loomed a shadow a little darker than the darkness, the silhouette of a tall horse and a rider in a cape. A moonbeam through the leaves laid a silver finger on the barrel of a rifle. The two in the road could not see the man's face, but they could feel his eyes on them from under the brim of his slouch hat.

Whit pushed his horse in front of Polly's.

"Steady now," he cautioned her in a whisper.

Roanoke heaved his powerful shoulders and carried his rider, lurching, out of the ditch and onto the highway. In the moonlight Ed's sabre-scar was plainly visible.

"Oh, hello, Ed!" Whit greeted the farm hand with a semblance of casualness, while Polly repeated her prayers under her breath.

The man's hand moved on the rifle. "You carry money tonight, Wits."

Whit's answer sounded like Grandmother, cool and arrogant. "Well?"

"So I come out to meet you," Ed told him. "I got worry. Some one dey try to take it off you. Tim Gaffney, maybe. Lots o' bad people around."

Whit gave a short laugh. "Oh! So you came out to look after me! That was fine of you, Ed. Thanks. Polly here had the same idea."

Charley was abreast of Nestor now, and the young man reached across and covered

Polly's hand with his own strong fingers.

With a clatter of hoofs, Ed swung Roanoke around, and turned him into the wood path. The others followed, single file.

Would Ed turn on them in the blackness of the tree shadows? Would they ever see Three Gates again? Or did he really mean it when he said he had come out to protect Whit?

If the half-mile of wood path had seemed to Polly like ten when she rode it earlier that evening, it was endless now. Any moment . . . any moment . . . but Ed rode steadily on. On and on in the darkness. Then, themselves still in the shadows, Polly and Whit saw the cloaked figure emerge into the moonlight, saw Roanoke heading into the cart-track leading towards Three Gates farm.

At the porch, Whitby Van Doren laid his arm across the great farmhand's shoulders. His eyes sought Polly's. "Suppose you could rustle up some supper for us, honey?" he said. "Ed and I are mighty hungry."



A Bird in the Bush

both his paintings and his illustrations," agreed Jean. "Are there any Christmas stories?"

"I'll say there are!" cried her friend. "Three grand ones: a new Midge story, *Santa Goes to Town*, and a new Lucy Ellen story about a Christmas wedding in Tennessee. It's called *Here Comes the Bride*—you'll eat it up. And there's an exciting tale by Henrietta Otis Shaw about a strange Christmas in China. It's called *Lighted Candles*."

"Sounds like a knockout number," said Jean. "By the way, did you find out what the new serial is going to be?"

"I was coming to that," answered Joan. "It's by Norma Bicknell Mansfield and the name of it is *Make Believe Dog*. It's a sequel to *Keeper of the Wolves*. I've been saving it to read with you, but I couldn't help seeing that it's about Claire and Hans and Dr. Pete and the ghost dogs."

Jean screwed down the field glasses and returned them to their case. "You've got me all worked up about the Christmas features and those 'make believe' dogs," she said. "Let's go home and read 'em."

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"LET me have a look, sister Anne, if you can't decide whether it's a bluebird or a guinea hen," prompted Jean as Joan kept her eyes glued to the field glasses.

"It's a bluejay," answered Joan, "and he's the most gorgeous thing when you look at him closely. Here!" She thrust the glasses into Jean's hand. "Just see for yourself what a boy he is."

Jean's gaze traveled over the bluejay, feather by feather. "Isn't his necklace cute?" she said. "And that lovely barred effect on his wings."

• "Doesn't he remind you of Orson Lowell's cover design on *THE AMERICAN GIRL* last January?" asked Joan.

"He certainly does. And speak-

ing of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, has the December number come yet? I left the house this morning before the mail arrived."

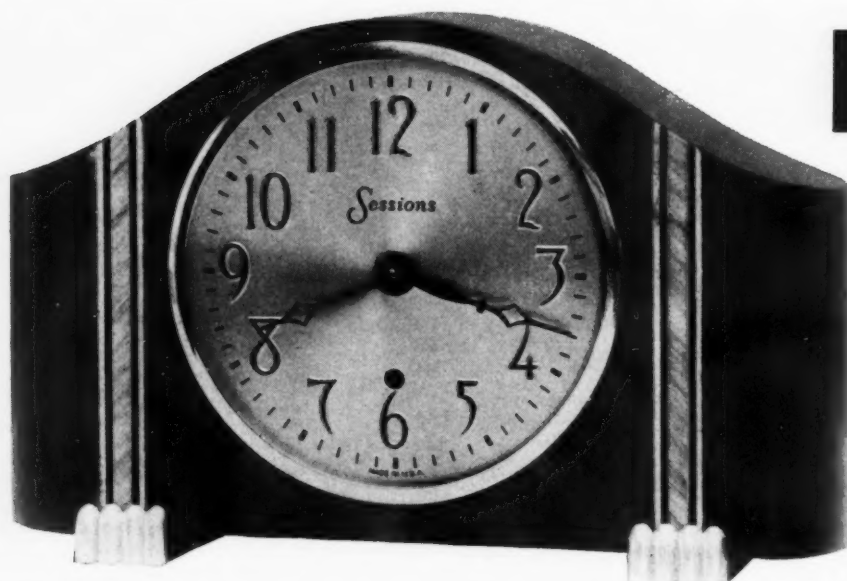
"Mine came," said Joan. "This cover is by Orson Lowell, too. It shows the Christ Child against a dark fir tree, with a whole flight of white doves and two dappled fawns in the foreground."

• "What a lovely idea!" exclaimed Jean. "And so Christmasy."

"The whole number is Christmasy. It opens with a peach of an article about *Christmas Around the World* by Latrobe Carroll. There's the most beautiful drawing by F. Luis Mora to illustrate it—you might call it a 'Christmas rhapsody'."

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